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Detective COMICS

DEC. NO. 190

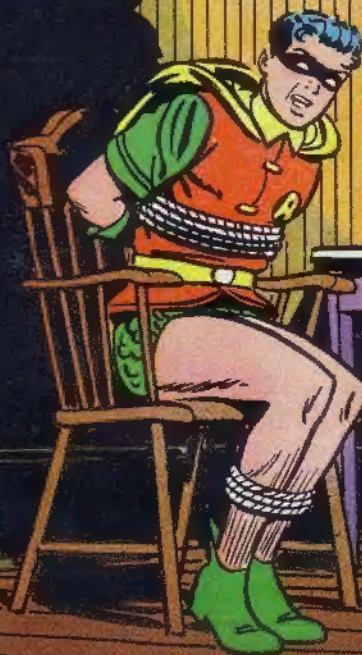
10c

WHEN AMNESIA
BLACKS OUT
BATMAN'S
MEMORY,
ROBIN
MUST TEACH HIS
FORMER MENTOR--

**"HOW TO BE
The BATMAN!"**

MY UTILITY BELT--!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHY I'M WEARING
THIS STRANGE
COSTUME!

BATMAN,
THE TEAR GAS
CAPSULE IN YOUR
UTILITY BELT--
USE IT BEFORE
HE SHOOTS!





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NOVELTY MART

BATMAN

With
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

MOST DREADED
OF ALL CROOKDOM'S
FOES IS THE **BATMAN!**
HIS BRILLIANT GENIUS IN
DETECTIVE DEDUCTION, HIS
MARVELOUS ACROBATIC AGILITY
AND SKILL, HIS LIMITLESS KNOWLEDGE
OF CRIMESTERS' TRICKS, HAVE MADE
HIM AND **ROBIN** THE TERROR OF THE
UNDERWORLD! BUT WHAT IF **BATMAN**
FORGOT ALL THESE GREAT TALENTS?
IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE -- BUT IT
HAPPENS, WHEN HIS MIND BLANKS
OUT AND **ROBIN** HAS TO TEACH
HIM...

HOW TO BE THE BATMAN!

SWING DOWN ON
YOUR ROPE, BATMAN
--THE WAY I TAUGHT
YOU!

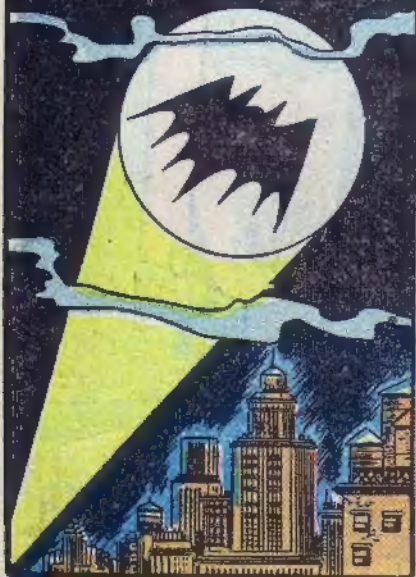
BOB
KANE

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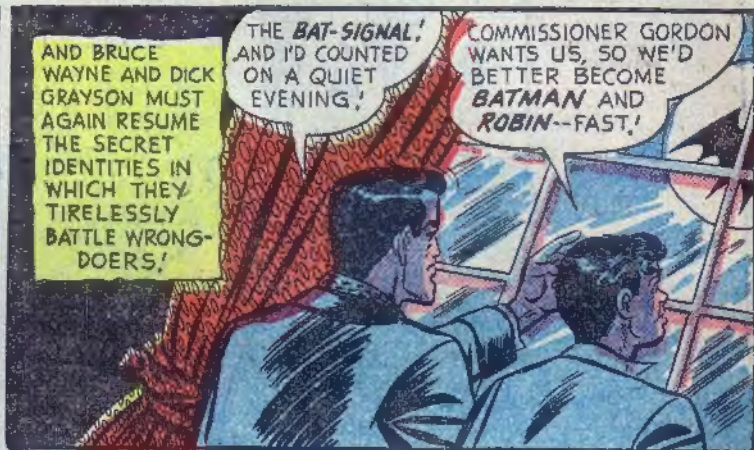
IN THE DARK HOURS WHEN CRIME
INVADES THE STREETS OF GOTHAM
CITY, A FATEFUL BEAM STABS THE
MIDNIGHT SKY--THE **BAT-SIGNAL!**



AND BRUCE
WAYNE AND DICK
GRAYSON MUST
AGAIN RESUME
THE SECRET
IDENTITIES IN
WHICH THEY
TIRELESSLY
BATTLE WRONG-
DOERS!

THE **BAT-SIGNAL!**
AND I'D COUNTED
ON A QUIET
EVENING!

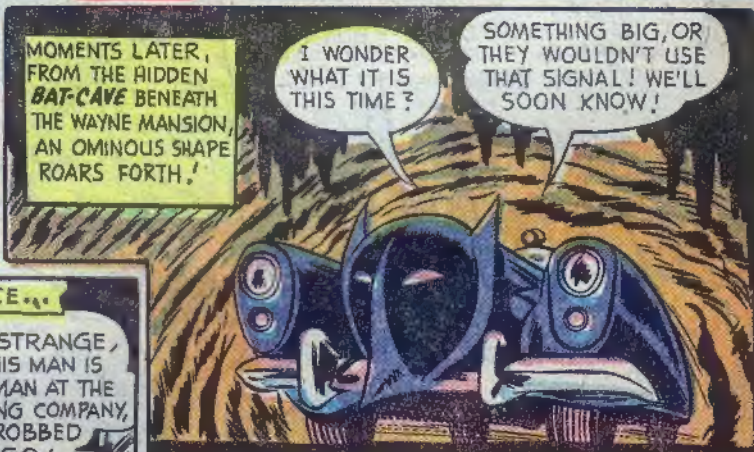
COMMISSIONER GORDON
WANTS US, SO WE'D
BETTER BECOME
BATMAN AND
ROBIN--FAST!



MOMENTS LATER,
FROM THE HIDDEN
BAT-CAVE BENEATH
THE WAYNE MANSION,
AN OMINOUS SHAPE
ROARS FORTH!

I WONDER
WHAT IT IS
THIS TIME?

SOMETHING BIG, OR
THEY WOULDN'T USE
THAT SIGNAL! WE'LL
SOON KNOW!



AT COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...

WHAT IS IT,
COMMISSIONER?

SOMETHING STRANGE,
BATMAN! THIS MAN IS
NIGHT WATCHMAN AT THE
AJAX IMPORTING COMPANY,
WHICH WAS ROBBED
AN HOUR AGO!



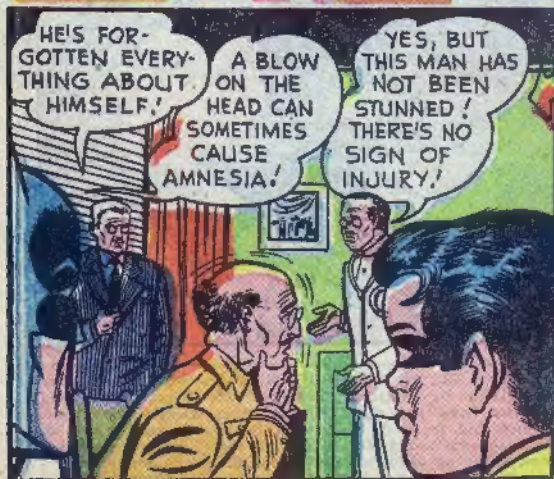
BATMAN, LITTLE CAN YOU GUESS WHAT GRIM, IRONIC
FATE IS HATCHING FOR YOU THIS TIME--A FATEFUL
END TO YOUR WHOLE CAREER!

"WHEN OUR MEN GOT THERE, THEY FOUND THE
WATCHMAN BEREFT OF HIS SENSES..."

HE'S FOR-
GOTTEN EVERY-
THING ABOUT
HIMSELF!

A BLOW ON THE
HEAD CAN
SOMETIMES
CAUSE
AMNESIA!

YES, BUT
THIS MAN HAS
NOT BEEN
STUNNED!
THERE'S NO
SIGN OF
INJURY!



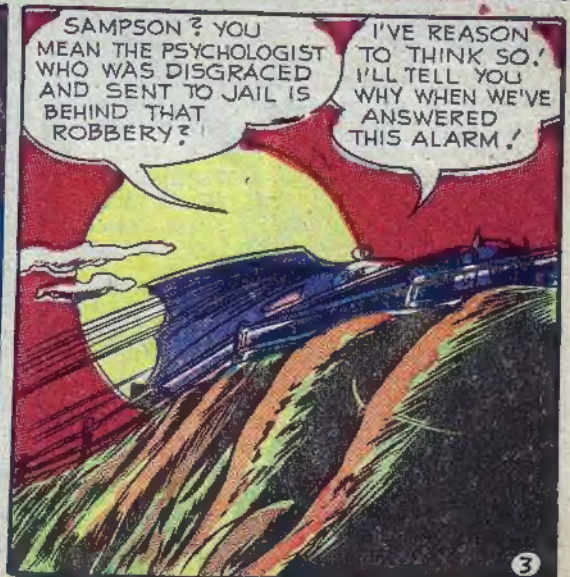
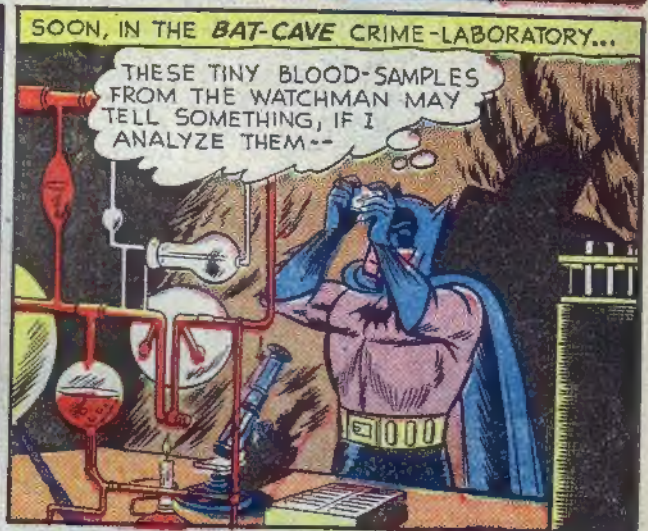
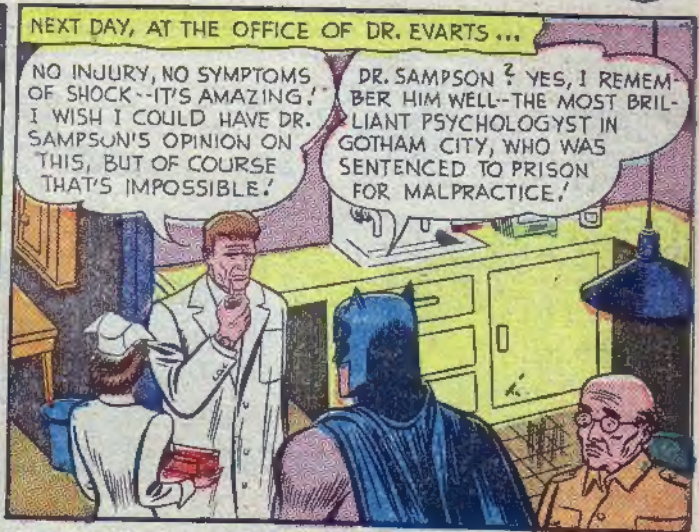
TOO LATE--THE
THIEVES ARE GONE!
BUT WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH THE
GUARD?

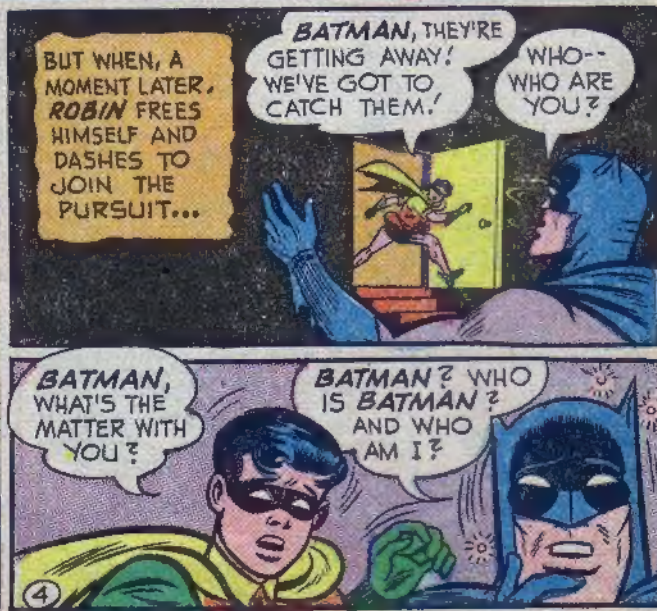
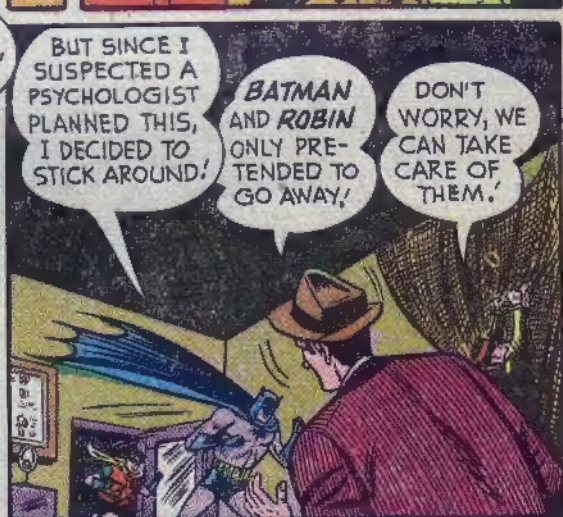
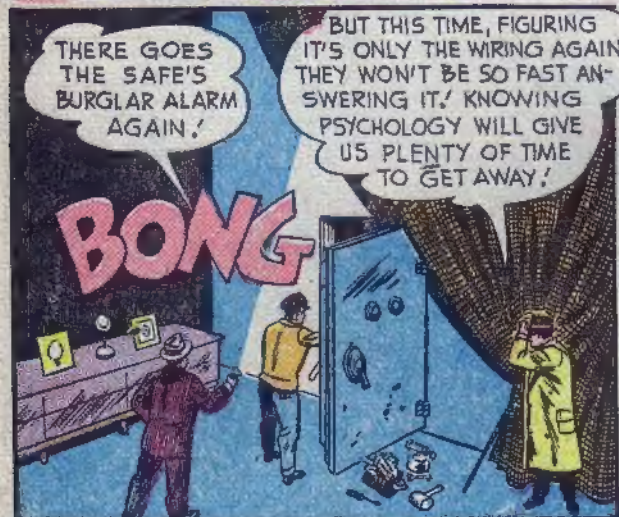
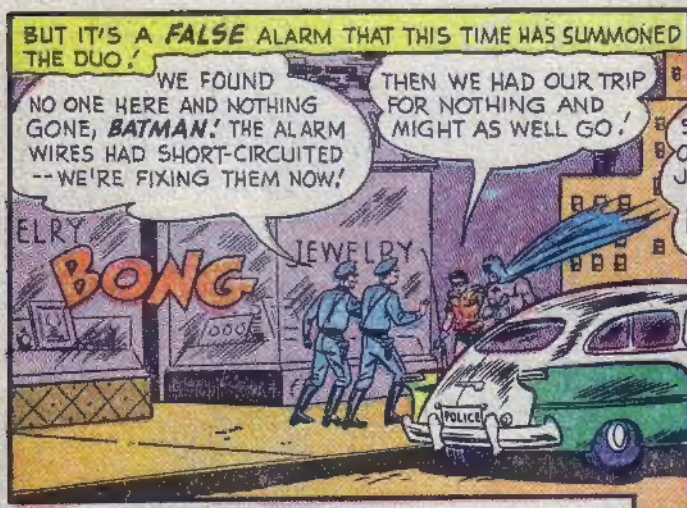
WHO AM I?
WHAT AM I DOING
HERE? I CAN'T
REMEMBER!





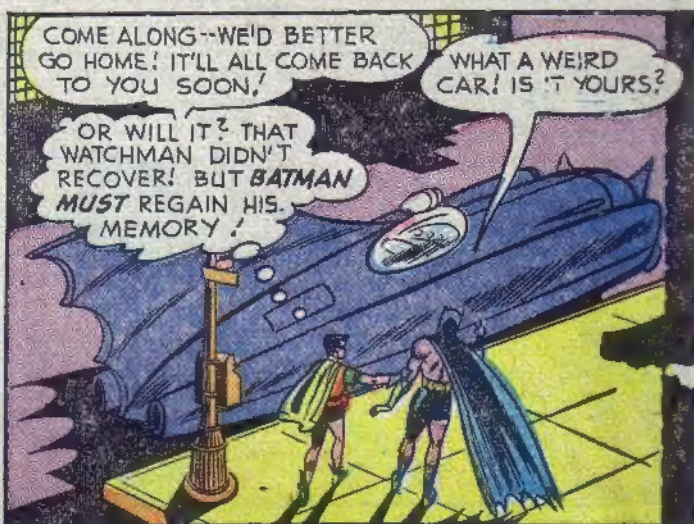
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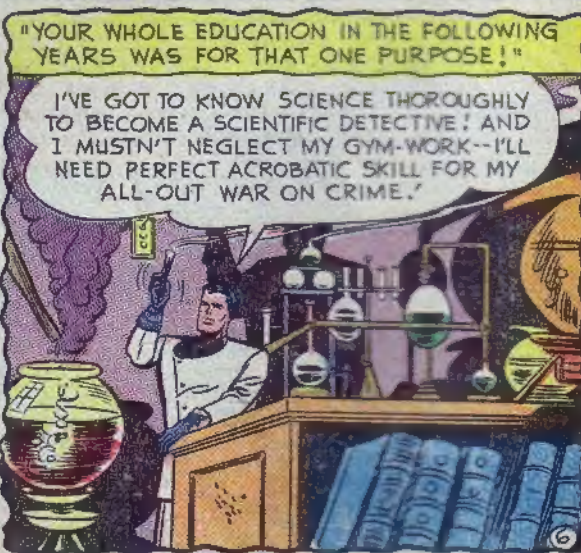
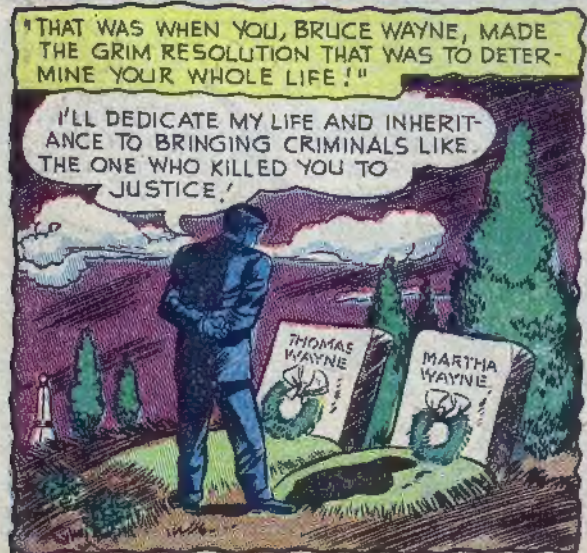
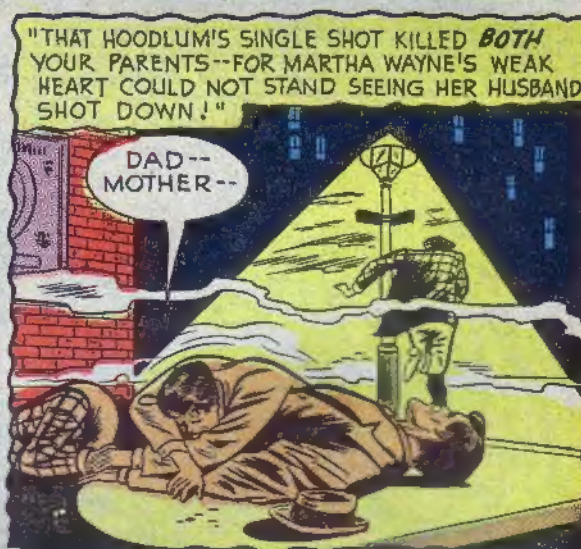
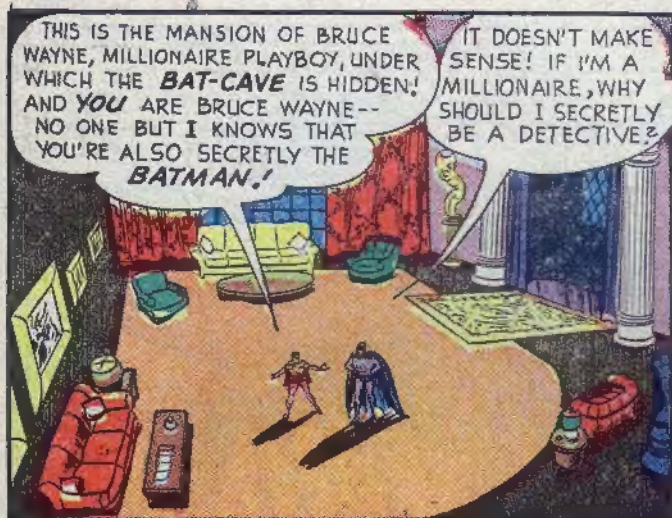






DETECTIVE COMICS







DETECTIVE COMICS

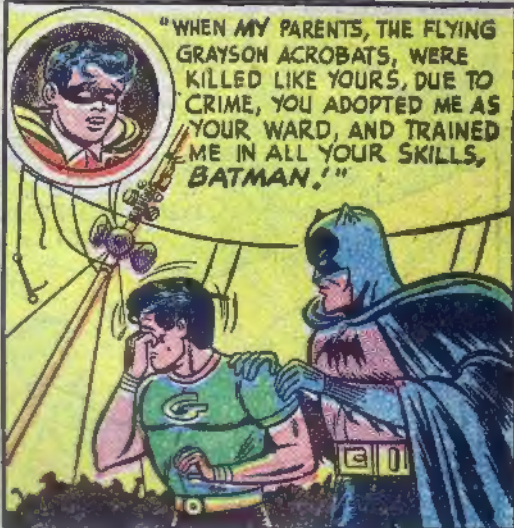


"WHEN YOU WERE READY TO TAKE UP YOUR ROLE IN LIFE, YOU CHOSE A DISGUISE THAT WOULD STRIKE TERROR INTO SUPERSTITIOUS CRIMINALS!"

A BAT--THAT'S IT! I'LL BECOME LIKE A BAT, AN EERIE FIGURE OF THE SHADOWS--A BAT-MAN!

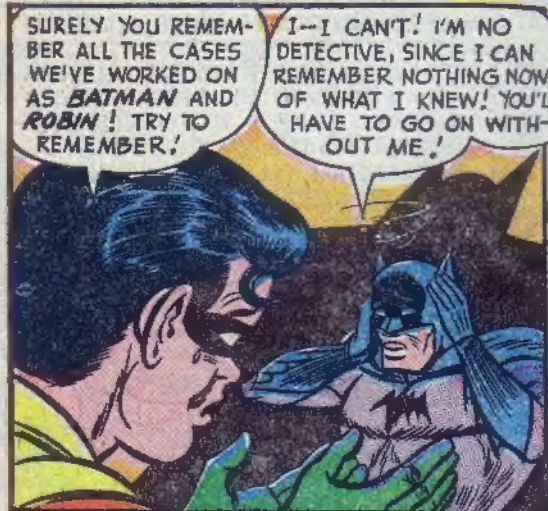


"WHEN MY PARENTS, THE FLYING GRAYSON ACROBATS, WERE KILLED LIKE YOURS, DUE TO CRIME, YOU ADOPTED ME AS YOUR WARD, AND TRAINED ME IN ALL YOUR SKILLS, BATMAN."



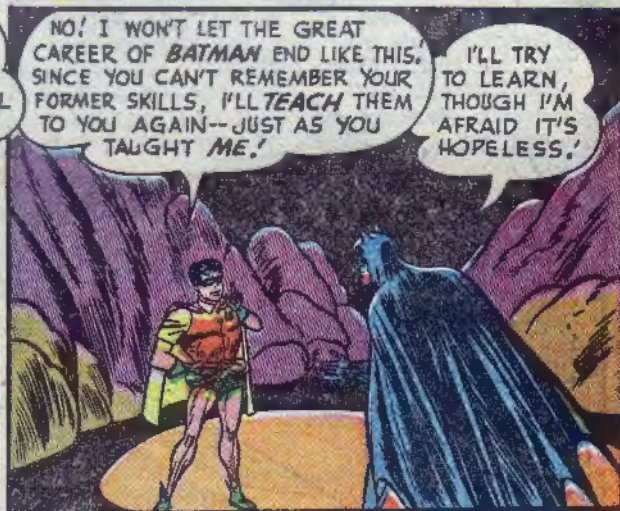
SURELY YOU REMEMBER ALL THE CASES WE'VE WORKED ON AS BATMAN AND ROBIN! TRY TO REMEMBER!

I--I CAN'T! I'M NO DETECTIVE, SINCE I CAN REMEMBER NOTHING NOW OF WHAT I KNEW! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON WITHOUT ME!



NO! I WON'T LET THE GREAT CAREER OF BATMAN END LIKE THIS. SINCE YOU CAN'T REMEMBER YOUR FORMER SKILLS, I'LL TEACH THEM TO YOU AGAIN--JUST AS YOU TAUGHT ME!

I'LL TRY TO LEARN, THOUGH I'M AFRAID IT'S HOPELESS!



AND SO BEGINS THE RE-EDUCATION OF BATMAN!

YOU'VE SEEN OUR VARIOUS COSTUMES FOR DIFFERENT JOBS-- NOW YOU CAN STUDY YOUR UTILITY BELT, WHICH CARRIES YOUR ROPE, THE TWO-WAY RADIO, AND ALL THE GADGETS YOU DREAMED UP!

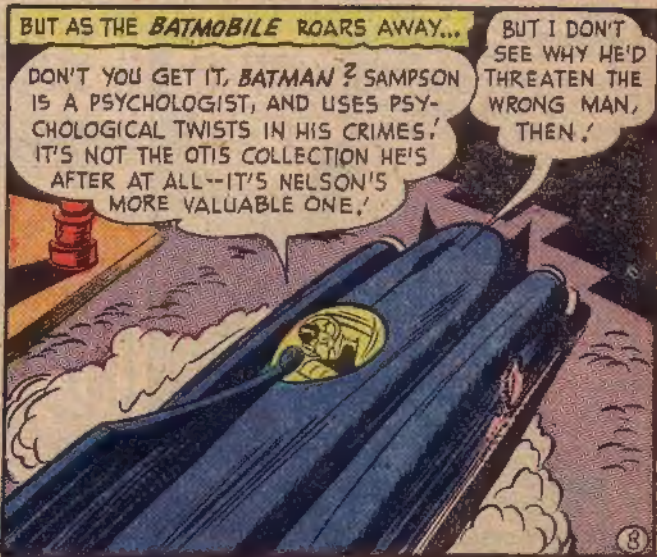
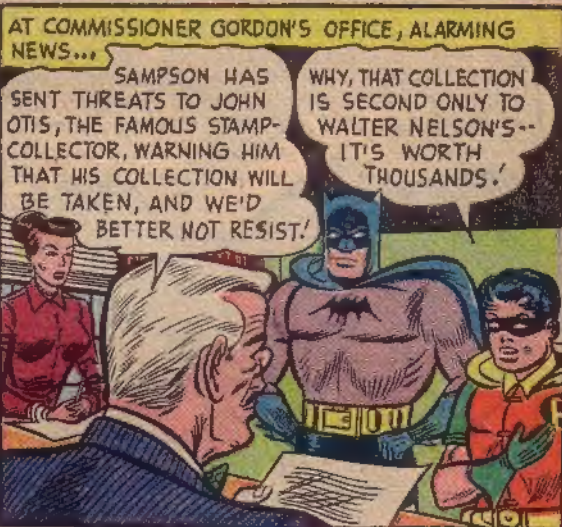
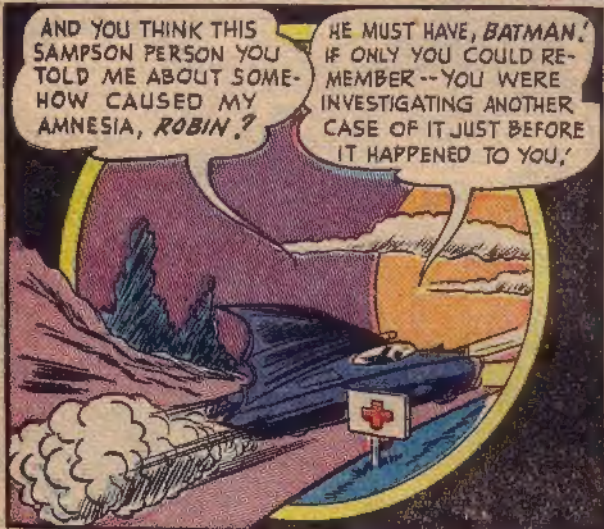
I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN REMEMBER ALL THESE THINGS!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL GRAB YOU AS THOUGH YOU WERE A CROOK, SINCE YOU ASK ME TO-- OOF!



YES, BUT YOU HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR DIRTY TRICKS--LIKE THIS!



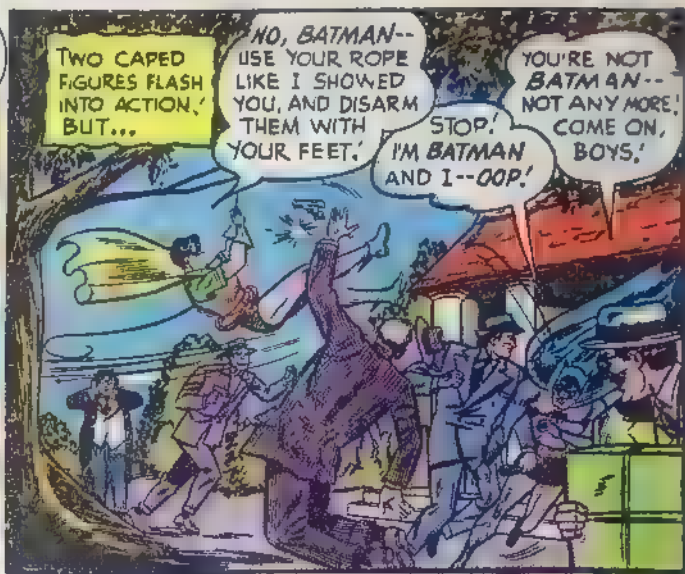


DETECTIVE COMICS



PARTLY TO MISLEAD THE POLICE, BUT MOSTLY TO ALARM NELSON INTO MOVING HIS OWN COLLECTION TO A PLACE OF SAFETY, LEST HE BE NEXT.

I HOPE I WON'T LET YOU DOWN TOO BADLY, ROBIN!

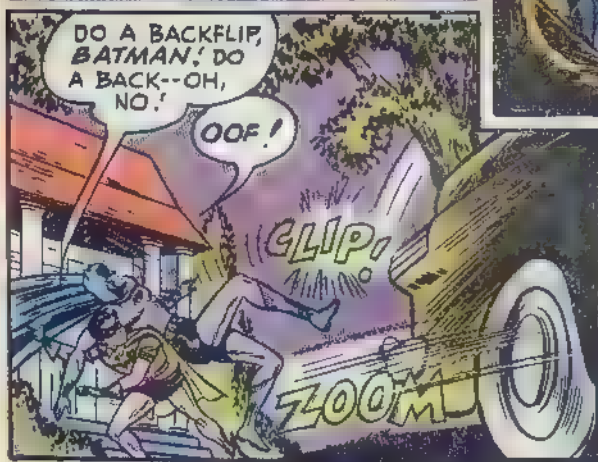


TWO CAPED FIGURES FLASH INTO ACTION, BUT...

NO, BATMAN--USE YOUR ROPE LIKE I SHOWED YOU, AND DISARM THEM WITH YOUR FEET.

STOP! I'M BATMAN AND I--OOP!

YOU'RE NOT BATMAN--NOT ANY MORE! COME ON, BOYS!



DO A BACKFLIP, BATMAN! DO A BACK--OH, NO!

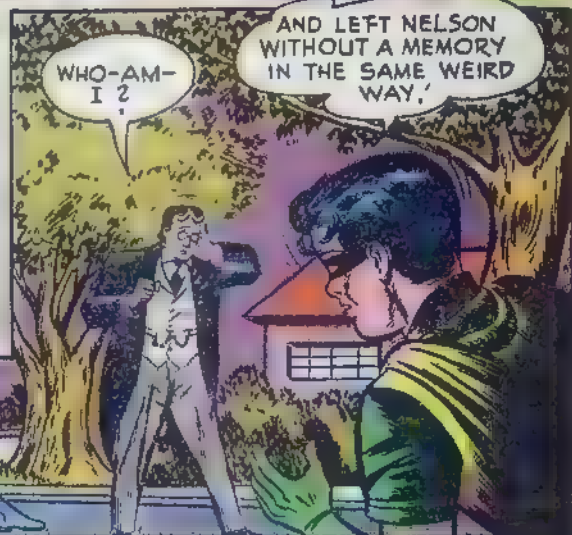
OOF!

CLIP!

ZOOM!

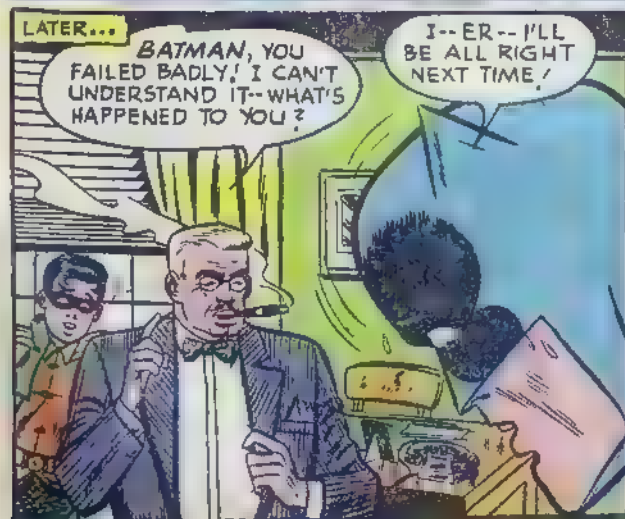


THEY GOT AWAY!



WHO-AM-I?

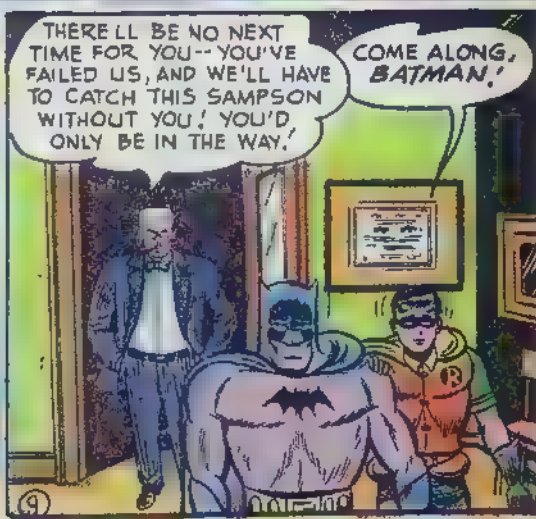
AND LEFT NELSON WITHOUT A MEMORY IN THE SAME WEIRD WAY.



LATER...

BATMAN, YOU FAILED BADLY! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT--WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

I--ER--I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NEXT TIME!



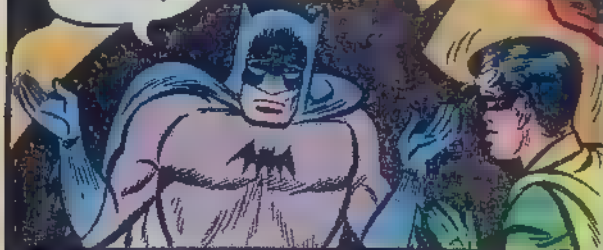
THERE'LL BE NO NEXT TIME FOR YOU--YOU'VE FAILED US, AND WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH THIS SAMPSON WITHOUT YOU! YOU'D ONLY BE IN THE WAY.

COME ALONG, BATMAN!

LATER, THE TRAGIC REALIZATION OF A CAREER THAT IS FINISHED FOREVER.

I KNOW NOW I'M THROUGH! YOU COULD BE A GREAT DETECTIVE WITHOUT ME HAMPERING YOU, ROBIN! FROM NOW ON, IT WILL BE ROBIN-- NOT BATMAN AND ROBIN--AGAINST CRIME!

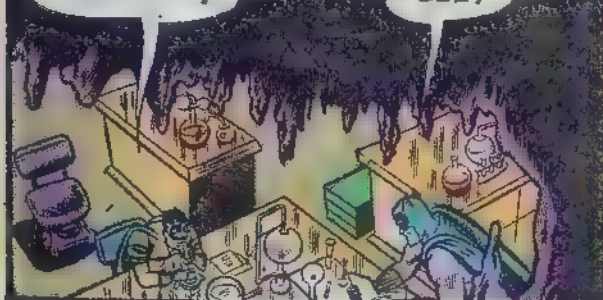
NO, BATMAN-- I COULDN'T REPLACE YOU! NOBODY COULD!



AND IN THE BAT-CAVE'S CRIME-LABORATORY, A MAN WITHOUT MEMORY TRIES TO DEDUCE HIS OWN PAST!

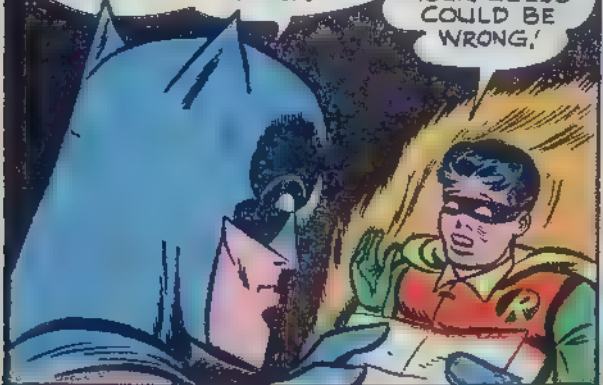
YOU WERE STUDYING BLOOD-SAMPLES FROM THAT AMNESIA-STRIKEN WATCHMAN--BUT YOU MADE NO NOTES HERE, SO WE DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU FOUND!

BUT THAT PENCIL INDICATES I DID MAKE NOTES! IF YOU INTERRUPTED ME, I MIGHT HAVE HASTILY PUT THEM IN MY POCKET! WE'LL SEE!



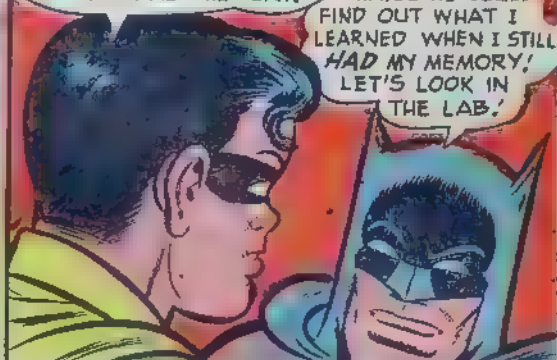
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN-- BUT MY GUESS IS THAT THE CHEMICAL FORMULA WAS AN ANTIDOTE I WORKED OUT FOR THE STRANGE AMNESIA I WAS STUDYING! ROBIN, I'M GOING TO MIX THAT FORMULA AND TRY IT ON MYSELF!

BATMAN, IT'S TOO RISKY-- YOUR GUESS COULD BE WRONG!



YOUR GREAT SCIENTIFIC SKILL COULD HAVE SOLVED THIS AMNESIA-MYSTERY! YOU WERE WORKING ON IT IN THE LAB WHEN WE WERE INTERRUPTED, BUT HAD NO TIME TO TELL ME ANYTHING--AND THEN YOU LOST ALL MEMORY!

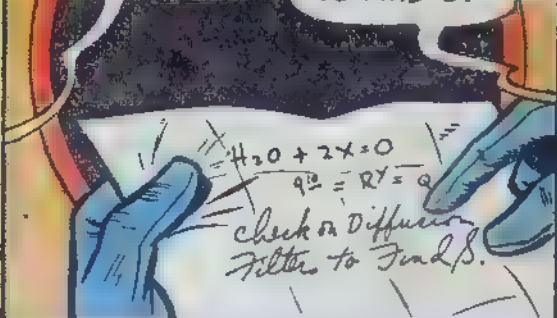
MAYBE WE COULD FIND OUT WHAT I LEARNED WHEN I STILL HAD MY MEMORY! LET'S LOOK IN THE LAB!



A POCKET OF BATMAN'S COSTUME YIELDS A FORGOTTEN CLUE!

THIS SEEMS TO BE MY HANDWRITING --THESE MUST BE THE NOTES I MADE!

THERE'S NOTHING BUT A CHEMICAL FORMULA, AND THE WORDS, "CHECK ON DIFFUSION FILTERS TO FIND S."



BUT THE DESPERATE BATMAN MIXES THE UNKNOWN FORMULA, AND...

I KNOW YOU'D RISK ANYTHING TO REGAIN YOUR MEMORY, BUT THIS IS TOO DANGEROUS!

I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE!





DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT THE EXPERIMENT FAILS...

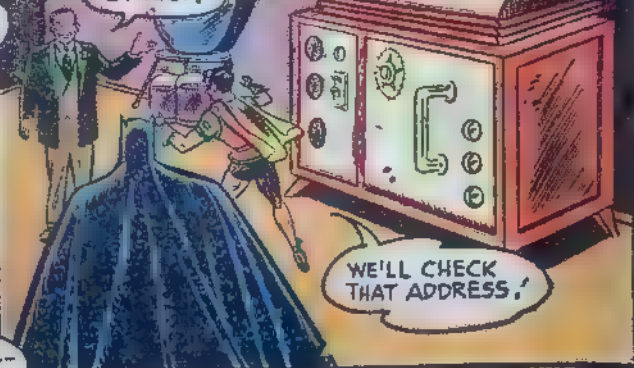
NOTHING HAPPENED--I STILL CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING! THEN IT WASN'T AN AMNESIA-ANTIDOTE AFTER ALL! **ROBIN**, IT'S HOPELESS!

NO, THERE'S STILL THE OTHER CLUE--WE MIGHT STILL FIND SAMPSON--"S."--THROUGH IT, DIFFUSION-FILTERS ARE BIG, COSTLY EQUIPMENT--WE'LL CHECK UP ON THEM AS YOU HAD PLANNED!



SOON, IN A CHEMICAL SUPPLY FIRM...

YES, WE DID SELL ONE OF THESE GAS DIFFUSION-FILTERS NOT LONG AGO--IT WAS DELIVERED TO A PARTY AT 13 GREEN STREET!



WE'LL CHECK THAT ADDRESS!

BUT, AT 13 GREEN STREET...

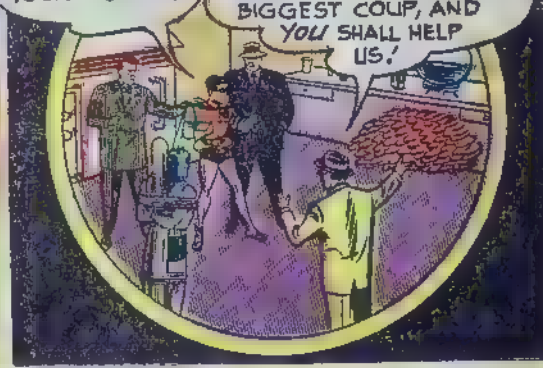
BETTER SURRENDER, **BATMAN**, OR MY BOMB OF AMNESIA-GAS WILL DESTROY **ROBIN'S** MEMORY, TOO!

WE'VE GOT TO DO IT, **ROBIN**--I'VE BLUNDERED AGAIN AND CAN'T LET YOU BECOME LIKE ME!



SO IT WAS AMNESIA-GAS YOU USED ON YOUR VICTIMS!

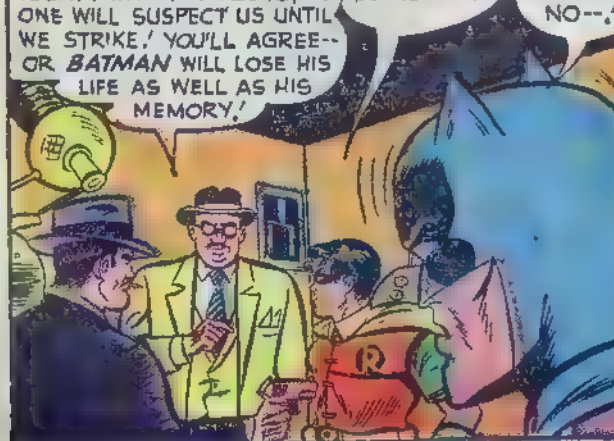
YES--MY GREAT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY, A GAS THAT OBLITERATES THE MEMORY! NOW WE'RE GOING TO USE IT FOR OUR BIGGEST COUP, AND YOU SHALL HELP US!



WE'RE GOING TO GRAB THE CURRENCY SHIPMENT SLATED TO LEAVE THE AIRPORT TODAY! WITH YOU ALONG, NO ONE WILL SUSPECT US UNTIL WE STRIKE! YOU'LL AGREE--OR **BATMAN** WILL LOSE HIS LIFE AS WELL AS HIS MEMORY!

I--I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT! I'LL GO ALONG!

NO, **ROBIN**--NO--!

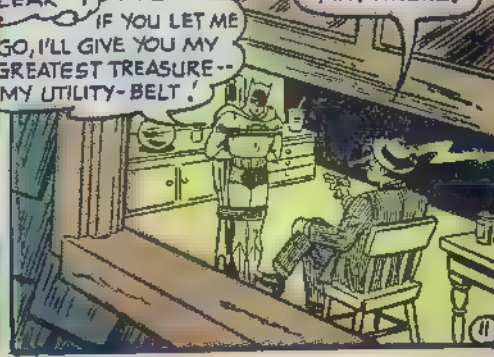


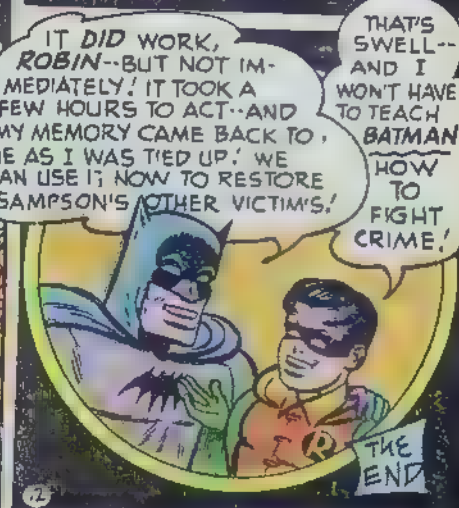
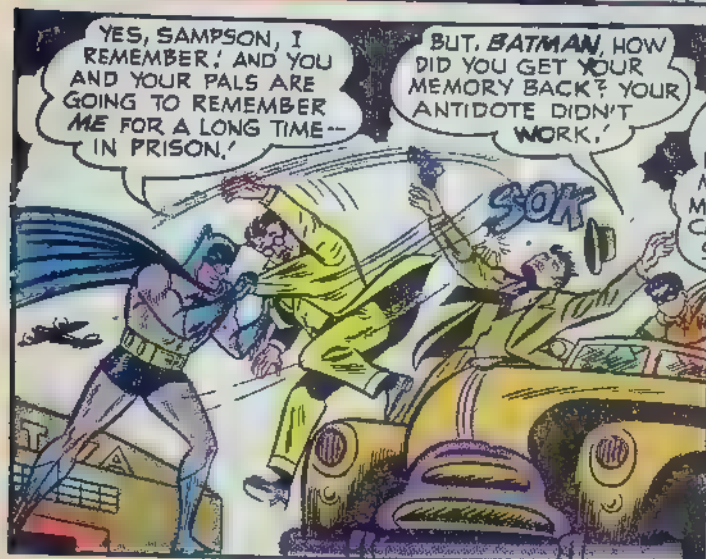
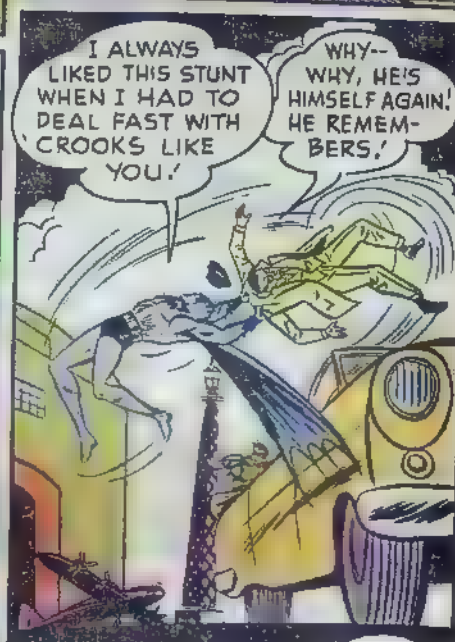
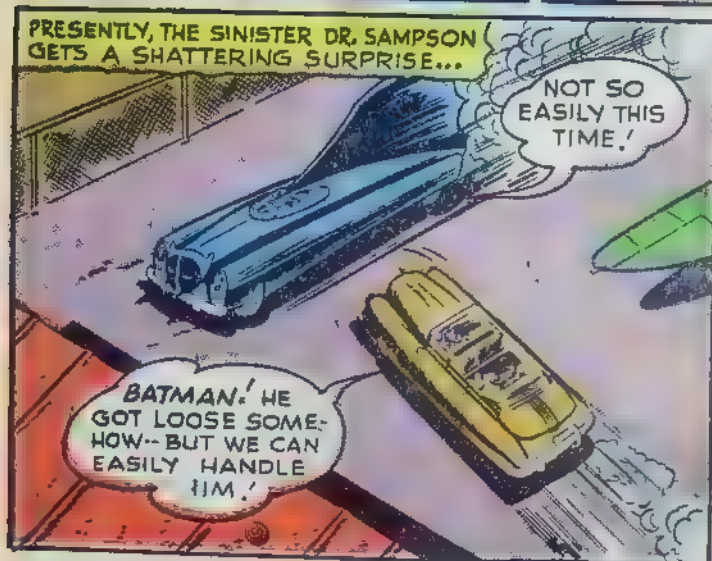
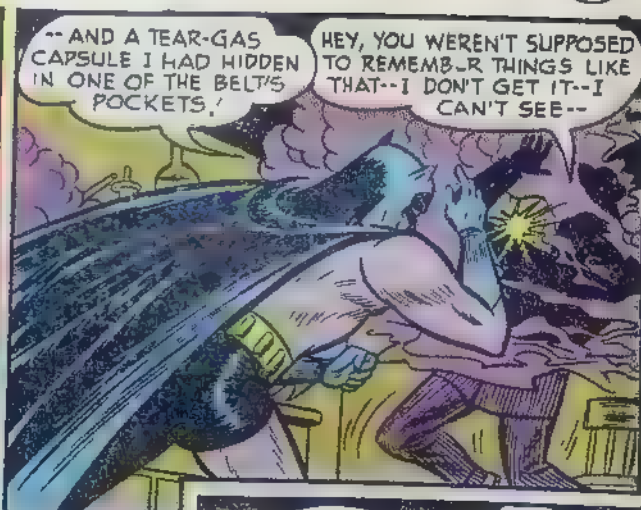
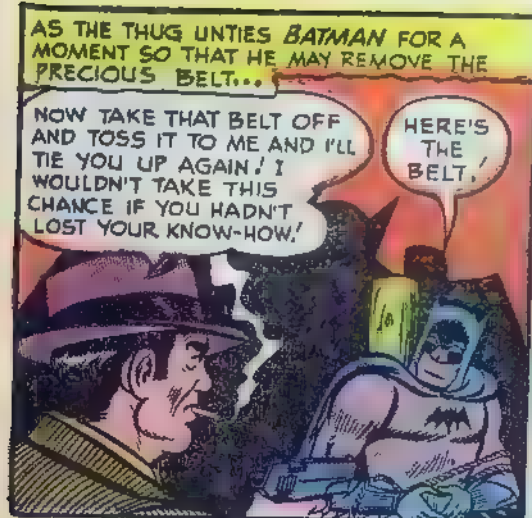
AS THE PSYCHOLOGIST CROOK DEPARTS WITH **ROBIN**, AGONIZING MINUTES PASS FOR THE **BATMAN**.

MY HEAD--IT'S SWIMMING--MUST DO SOMETHING TO GET **ROBIN** CLEAR--!

SAY, I'VE HEARD OF THAT BELT! YOU'LL GIVE IT TO ME, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

IF YOU LET ME GO, I'LL GIVE YOU MY GREATEST TREASURE--MY UTILITY-BELT!





ADVERTISEMENT

WHOOPEE! THIS IS THE REAL WILD WEST!

HOPE WE DON'T RUN INTO ANY BANDITS!

WE'VE GOT A SHIPMENT OF DUBBLE BUBBLE ABOARD!

UN-OH! JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF!!

OKAY! THROW DOWN THAT BOX OF DUBBLE BUBBLE OR WE'LL DRILL YOU!

POP!

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE 'BADDIES' BEAT IT! NICE GOIN', PUD!

YIP-PEE! PUD SAVED OUR DUBBLE BUBBLE!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE IS MY SIX-SHOOTER!

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE IS THE REAL BUBBLE GUM!

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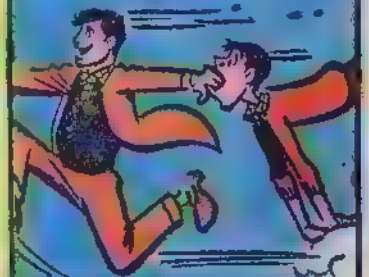
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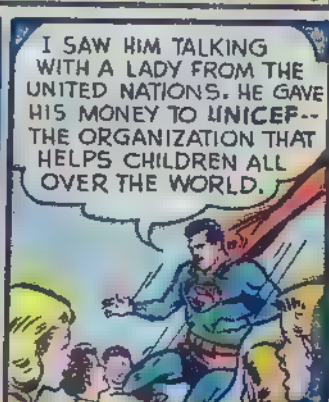
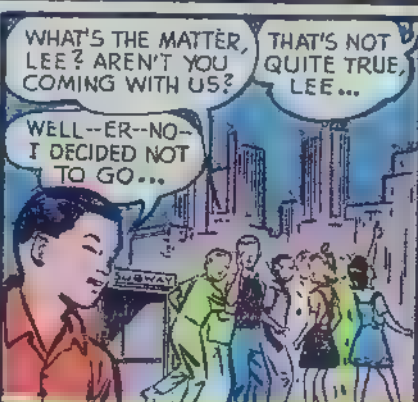
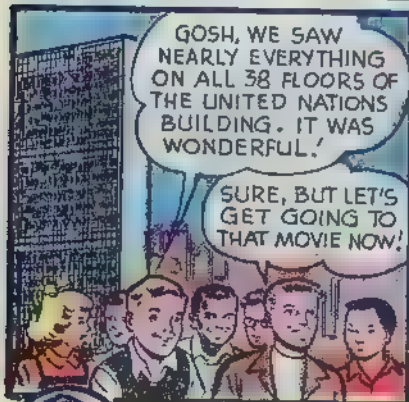
BE SURE
TO GET THE
LATEST ISSUE
OF
THE ADVENTURES OF
**Dean
MARTIN and
Jerry
LEWIS**
TODAY!



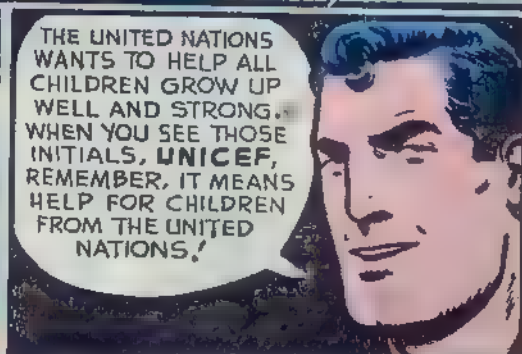
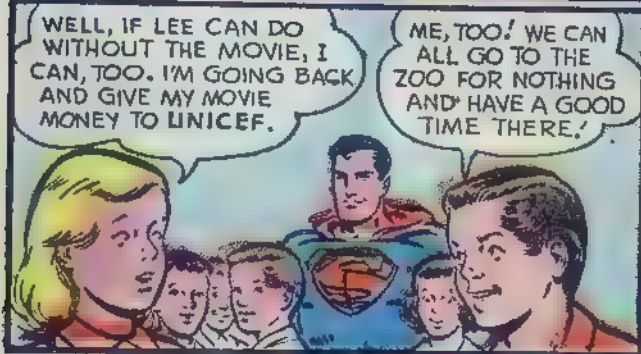
SUPERMAN

shows how

UNICEF SPELLS HELP FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD!



"YOU SEE, LEE REALIZES THAT IN MANY COUNTRIES, CHILDREN DO NOT GET THE PROPER CARE. UNICEF SETS UP CLINICS...TRAINS HEALTH WORKERS...HELPS OUT WITH MILK, SHOES AND CLOTHING, MEDICINE, AND PROVIDES MANY OTHER SERVICES FOR THE HEALTH AND WELFARE OF THE WORLD'S CHILDREN..."



THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE

A LIFE RAY THAT CAN
TURN STATUES INTO
LIVING BEINGS?
RIDICULOUS!

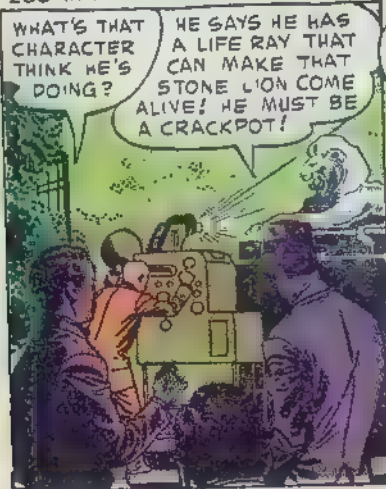
ROY, TURN
AROUND AND
GET THE
SURPRISE
OF YOUR
LIFE!



CAN YOU IMAGINE THE STONE STATUE OF THAT FAMOUS GENERAL IN YOUR TOWN'S PUBLIC SQUARE SUDDENLY COMING TO LIFE? CAN YOU PICTURE THE STATUE OF LIBERTY BECOMING ALIVE? FANTASTIC? THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT ROY RAYMOND, PRODUCER OF TV'S "IMPOSSIBLE--BUT TRUE" SHOW, SAID BEFORE HE MET...

THE MAN WITH THE LIFE RAY

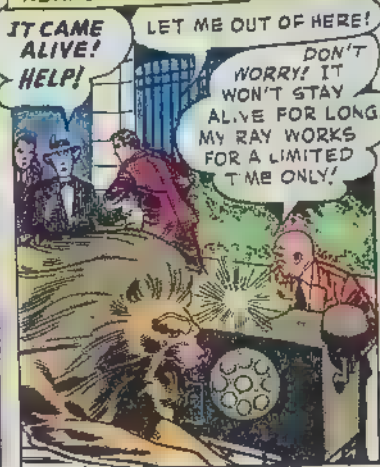
ONE DAY, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ZOO IN MIDLAND PARK...



WHAT'S THAT
CHARACTER
THINK HE'S
DOING?

HE SAYS HE HAS
A LIFE RAY THAT
CAN MAKE THAT
STONE LION COME
ALIVE! HE MUST BE
A CRACKPOT!

BUT TO EVERYONE'S ASTONISH-
MENT, THE LION SUDDENLY
ROARS TO LIFE, AS...



IT CAME
ALIVE!
HELP!

LET ME OUT OF HERE!

DON'T
WORRY! IT
WON'T STAY
ALIVE FOR LONG!
MY RAY WORKS
FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY!

AND SURE ENOUGH, FOUR BLOCKS
AWAY...

THERE IT IS--AND IT'S
TURNED BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL
STONE STATE!



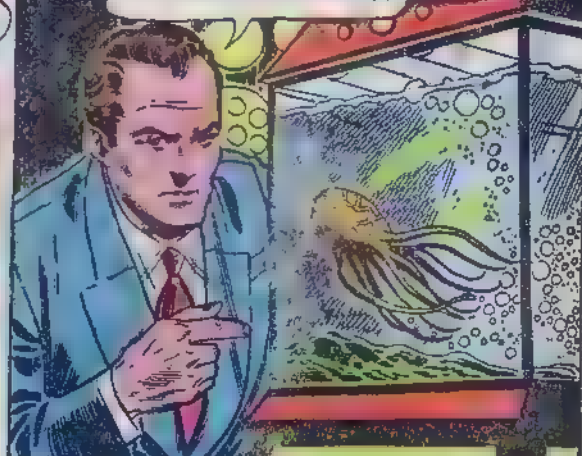
NEVER
BEFORE

THAT SAME EVENING, AT THE REGULARLY SCHEDULED PERFORMANCE OF THE TELEVISION SHOW, "IMPOSSIBLE...BUT TRUE..."

MANY OF OUR MODERN SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES WERE FIRST FOUND IN NATURE! THE FLYING SQUIRREL IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF A NATURAL PARACHUTE!... THE HUMMER IS NATURE'S TINY HELICOPTER... IT CAN FLY STRAIGHT UP, HOVER, AND FLY BACKWARDS!



YOU THINK THE PRINCIPLE OF JET PROPULSION IS NEW? THEN CONSIDER THE SQUID--IT SUCKS AND EXPELS WATER TO MOVE ALONG! IMPOSSIBLE...BUT TRUE!



FINALLY, AS THE SHOW ENDS WITH DEAFENING APPLAUSE FROM THE STUDIO AUDIENCE...

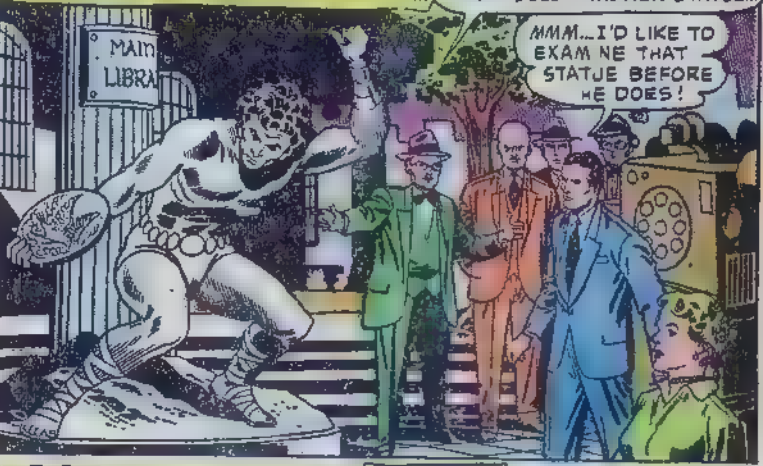
OH, ROY--EDITOR SAM WELLER OF THE HERALD JUST CALLED--SOMETHING ABOUT A MAN WITH A LIFE RAY! HE WANTS YOU RIGHT OVER!

A LIFE RAY? WHAT NEXT?



LATER, AS NEWSMEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS GATHER ON THE STEPS OF THE MAIN LIBRARY, ROY LEARNS ABOUT THE STRANGE OCCURRENCE THAT TOOK PLACE EARLIER...

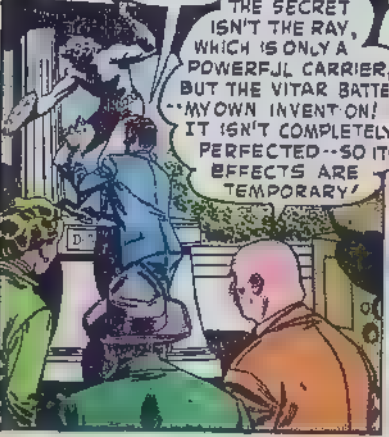
AND, ROY, I SAW THAT LION COME ALIVE AND TAKE OFF WITH MY OWN EYES! NOW CRAMM SAYS HE'S GOING TO TURN HIS LIFE RAY ON THIS DISCUS THROWER STATUE...



MMM...I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE THAT STATUE BEFORE HE DOES!

CAREFUL, ROY... NOT BADLY ENOUGH TO YOU'RE CHIPPING MAR IT! ER--WHAT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THAT LIFE RAY OF YOURS, CRAMM?

THE SECRET ISN'T THE RAY, WHICH IS ONLY A POWERFUL CARRIER, BUT THE VITAR BATTERY--MY OWN INVENTION! IT ISN'T COMPLETELY PERFECTED--SO ITS EFFECTS ARE TEMPORARY!



THEN, AS A HUSH FALLS OVER THE WATCHERS...

MMM WELL, I'M READY IF YOU ARE! GO AHEAD!

CERTAINLY!



SUDDENLY...

ROY, HE DID IT! HE'S MADE THE DISCUS THROWER STATUE COME TO LIFE!

SEE? HE THREW IT! NOW HE'S GOING TO SEE HOW FAR IT WENT! LET'S FOLLOW HIM!



THE CROWD TAKES OFF AFTER THE ANIMATED STATUE, AND SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS AWAY... I TOLD YOU THE EFFECTS WERE ONLY TEMPORARY--THE STATUE'S REVERTED TO ITS ORIGINAL STATE!



ROY, THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE POCKETED STONE CHIPS FROM THE STATUE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THEM?

I'M NOT GOING TO BUILD A ROCK GARDEN, I CAN TELL YOU THAT!



THEN, AS ROY FACES THE INVENTOR OF THE AMAZING LIFE RAY...

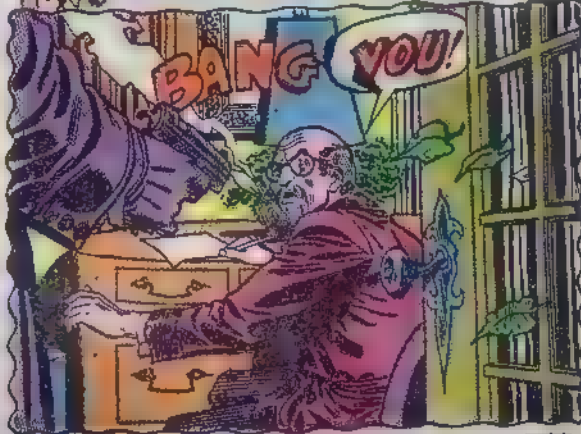
CRAMM, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO APPEAR ON MY SHOW?

WELL, ALL RIGHT, BUT THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH ENERGY LEFT IN MY BATTERY FOR ONE MORE DEMONSTRATION---AND I'D LIKE THE LAST ONE TO BE FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD!

WHAT WOULD THAT BE?



"YOU MAY REMEMBER THAT ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 14, A MAN ENTERED THE FRENCH DOORS OF J.T. BANGOR'S MANSION, AND SHOT THE MILLIONAIRE TO DEATH..."



I REMEMBER THE CASE! EVERYONE IN TOWN THOUGHT H'S NEPHEW, JOHN BANGOR, KILLED J.T.-- BUT THERE WAS NO PROOF!

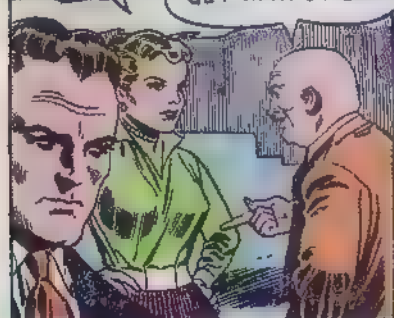
THAT'S RIGHT--- ONLY ONE MAN EVER KNEW WHO THE MURDERER WAS-- J.T. HIMSELF! THERE'S--ER--A STATUE OF J.T. IN THE HALL OF HIS MANSION! GET WHAT I MEAN?

WHAT AN ITEM FOR THE SHOW, ROY--THE STATUE OF A MURDERED MAN COMING TO LIFE TO NAME HIS SLAYER!

I WONDER WHAT THE NEPHEW WOULD SAY ABOUT IT?

WHAT DO WE CARE? THIS WILL EITHER CLEAR HIM, OR PIN THE CRIME ON HIM!

IT'S A DEAL! BE AT THE STUDIO PROMPTLY AT EIGHT! ER... KAREN, MIND GOING BACK TO THE OFFICE ALONE? I WANT TO DROP BY AT THE BELDING LABORATORIES FIRST!



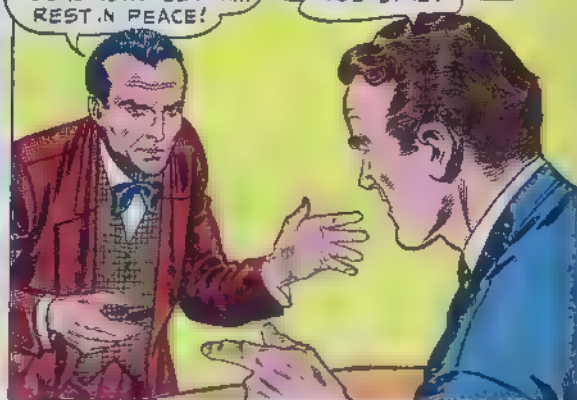
THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER NEWS OF THE COMING EVENT IS PUBLICIZED, ROY RECEIVES A VISITOR AT HIS OFFICE...

MR. RAYMOND, MY NAME IS JOHN BANGOR, NEPHEW OF THE LATE J. T. BANGOR. I--I MUST PROTEST THE DEMONSTRATION YOU ARE PLANNING FOR YOUR NEXT SHOW!

WHY, MR. BANGOR? YOU'RE--NOT AFRAID, ARE YOU?

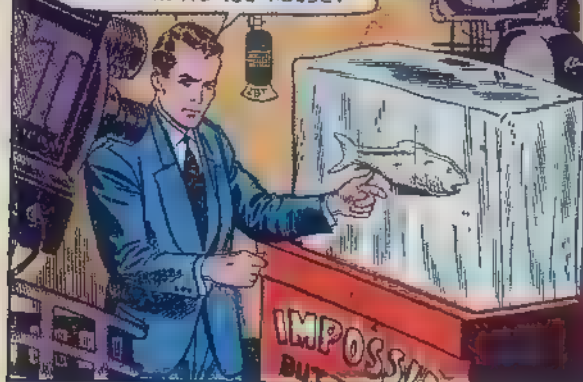
N-NO--IT ISN'T THAT! I--I JUST THINK IT'S WRONG! MY UNCLE'S NO LION--OR DISCUS THROWER! HE WAS A FINE MAN, AND HE'S DEAD NOW! LET HIM REST IN PEACE!

BUT WE'RE NOT PLANNING TO DISTURB YOUR UNCLE, BANGOR--JUST HIS STATUE! THE EXHIBITION GOES ON AS SCHEDULED! YOU MAY BE THERE, IF YOU LIKE!



ACCORDINGLY, THE FOLLOWING WEEK, AS ROY'S SHOW NEARS ITS SUSPENSEFUL CLIMAX...

AND CONTRARY TO ALL KNOWN SCIENTIFIC CONCEPTS, THE FISH IS CONSCIOUS AND APPARENTLY HAPPY IN ITS ICE HOUSE!



THEN MINUTES LATER...

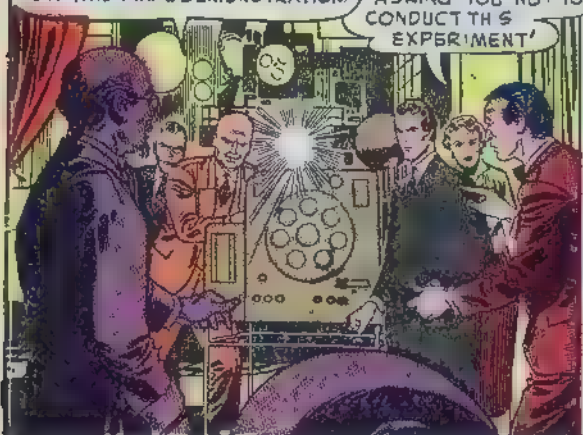
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE MAN YOU HAVE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR-- LUTHER CRAMM, WHO WILL DEMONSTRATE HIS LIFE RAY ON THE STATUE OF J. T. BANGOR--WHICH, WE ARE TOLD, WILL COME TO LIFE AND TELL US THE SLAYER OF THE MURDERED MAN!



BUT AS THE STATUE IS WHEELED ONSTAGE...

I HOPE THERE'S ENOUGH ENERGY LEFT IN MY BATTERY FOR THIS FINAL DEMONSTRATION!

FOR THE LAST TIME, MR. RAYMOND, I'M ASKING YOU NOT TO CONDUCT THIS EXPERIMENT!

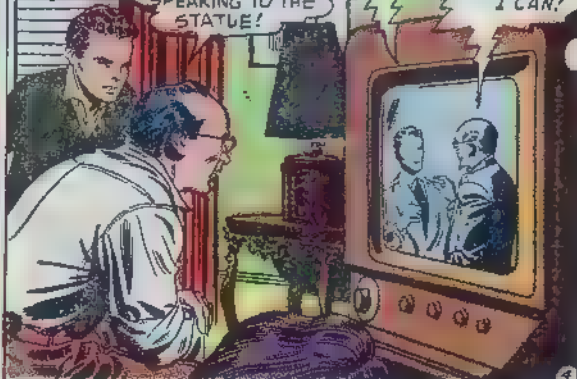


THEN, AS MILLIONS FROM COAST TO COAST STARE INCREDULOUSLY AT THEIR TV SCREENS...

LOOK AT J.T.'S NEPHEW.. HE LOOKS SCARED STIFF!

CAN YOU TELL US THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO MURDERED J.T. BANGOR? YES, I CAN!

SHHH-- MR. RAYMOND IS SPEAKING TO THE STATUE!



THE FATEFUL WORDS ARE SPOKEN...

IT--IT WAS MY GARDENER, JOE NEILSON!

NEILSON! WHY--HE DIED HIMSELF ABOUT A MONTH AGO!

THEN, IN THE PANDEMONIUM THAT FOLLOWS...

THIS REPORT JUST CAME FROM THE LAB, MR. RAYMOND!

THIS CLEARS YOU OF THE SUSPICION THAT YOU MURDERED YOUR UNCLE, MR. BANGOR! CONGRATULATIONS!

SUDDENLY...

THE STATUE IS MISSING!

IT'S PROBABLY GONE BACK TO THE MANSION--WHERE WE'LL FIND IT RETURNED TO ITS ORIGINAL STONE STATE!

LET'S GO HAVE A LOOK!

GOING ANYWHERE, EXCEPT TO HEADQUARTERS--WHERE HE'LL BE BOOKED ON SUSPICION OF MURDER!

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, ROY?

WHA-AT? B-BUT--THAT STATUE OF MY UNCLE THAT CRAMM BROUGHT TO LIFE--IT CLEARED ME, DIDN'T IT?

IS THIS THE STATUE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?

B-BUT, ROY, THIS ISN'T THE STATUE OF J.T. BANGOR!

YOU'RE CATCHING ON! THIS IS A CHEAP ACTOR WHOSE FACE WAS MOULDED TO LOOK LIKE J.T.'S WITH A CLAY THAT HARDENS INTO A STONE-LIKE SUBSTANCE---AND BROUGHT BACK TO "LIFE" BY NOTHING BUT A HEAT RAY, WHICH SOFTENS UP THE CLAY!

REMEMBER THE TWO STONE SAMPLES I POCKETED? THE LAB JUST SENT ME ITS REPORT... AND THIS IS HOW JOHN BANGOR AND HIS STOOGES, LUTHER CRAMM, DID IT!

WATCH IT--YOU'RE CHIPPING THE STATUE!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? NOBODY'LL SUSPECT WE'RE PULLING A SWITCH!

THE WHOLE THING WAS A STUNT TO STOP THE POLICE FROM CONTINUING THEIR INVESTIGATION OF THE MURDER OF J.T.--- AND BANGOR ENGINEERED IT ALL!

HE'S GOT US! WE'RE--A STRANDED VAUDEVILLE ACT--EVEN THE LION WAS PART OF OUR COMPANY--BANGOR, HERE, MADE IT WORTH OUR WHILE!

BUT JUST THEN...

OKAY--MAYBE IT WAS ALL MY IDEA TO REMOVE SUSPICION FROM MYSELF--BUT THAT DOESN'T PROVE I KILLED HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE, DOES IT?

NO---I HAVE OTHER EVIDENCE TO PROVE YOU WERE THE MURDERER!

DO YOU RECALL WHEN CRAMM WAS TELLING US ABOUT THE MURDER OF J.T.? HE SAID THE KILLER ENTERED THROUGH THE FRENCH DOORS! NOT EVEN THE POLICE KNEW THAT--ONLY THE MURDERER--!

HE--HE TOLD ME WHAT TO SAY!

I--I CONFESS--MY UNCLE WAS A MISER---HE HAD CUT OFF MY ALLOWANCE---I NEEDED MONEY--!

BANG! YOU!

AND, FINALLY...

BUT, ROY, YOU MUST HAVE SUSPECTED IT WAS ALL A FRAUD RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING--WHEN CRAMM BROUGHT THE DISCUS THROWER BACK TO--ER--LIFE! WHY?

AH, YES--I NOTICED THEN THERE WAS A FLAW IN THE DEMONSTRATION, AND THERE WAS--A BIG ONE!

THAT RAY OF CRAMM'S WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE POWER TO BRING ALL STONE FIGURES TO LIFE--AND WHEN HE AIMED IT AT THE DISCUS THROWER, HE CERTAINLY SHOWED ALL SIGNS OF LIFE! THEN--WHY NOT THE DOVE ETCHED ON THE DISCUS? GET IT?

TOOTSIE ROLLS

CHOCOLATE

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CANDY

THE GREATEST POP ON EARTH!

CHERRY CHOCOLATE ORANGE LEMON LIME

DELICIOUS CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER

Tootsie POPS only 2¢

ADVERTISMENT

BOYS! GIRLS! TUNE IN TOOTSIE HIPPODROME

See television listing in your local paper! Circus, and Animal Acts... Acrobats, Magicians... Thrills...; Laughter--and Valuable Prizes. Tune in--and hear John Reed King tell you all about these prizes!

Bicycles, Pedigreed Live Puppy Dogs, Fine Watches, Portable Radios--many others. It's easy to win one or more of these dandy

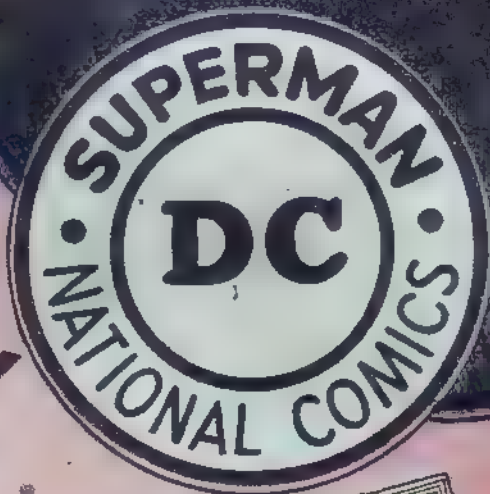
FREE PRIZES

A ROADMASTER BICYCLE... AND OTHER DANDY PRIZES... ARE GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK!

NOW

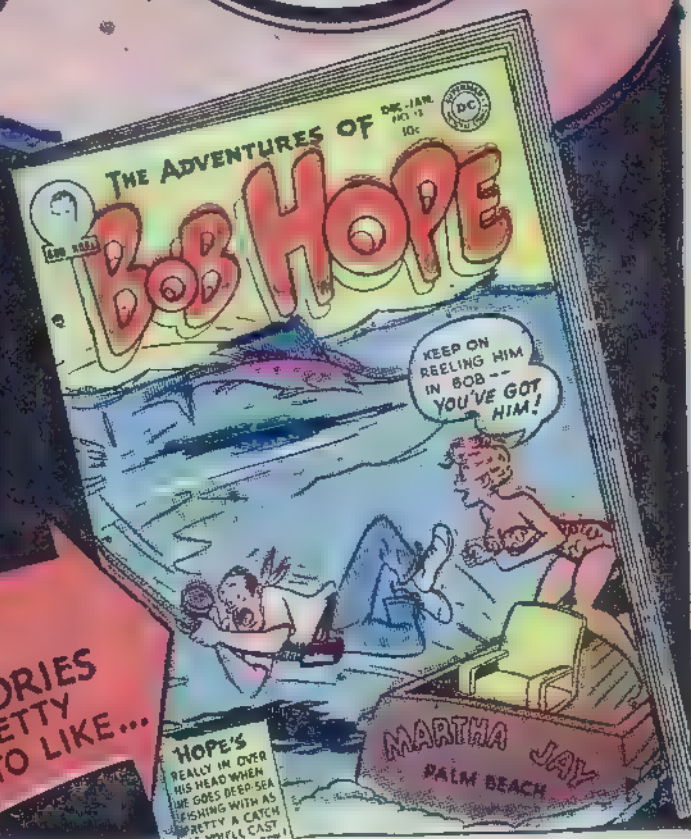
MORE THAN EVER-

**THIS
FAMOUS SYMBOL**
ON THE COVER OF
ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE IS **YOUR**
GUARANTEE OF THE
BEST IN COMICS
READING



YES, WITH SO
MANY DIFFERENT
TITLES ON THE
NEWSSTANDS,
SOMETIMES IT'S
HARD TO CHOOSE
A MAGAZINE
YOU'RE **SURE** TO
LIKE, BUT PEOPLE
WHO KNOW COMICS
BEST **KNOW** THAT
THE D-C SYMBOL
ALWAYS MEANS
**A GOOD
MAGAZINE!**

*For Example
IF YOU LIKE
HUMOROUS STORIES
YOU'RE PRETTY
SURE TO LIKE...*



ROBOTMAN

WHEN A SUDDEN QUIRK OF FATE GIVES THE UNDERWORLD A CLUE TO ROBOTMAN'S SECRET IDENTITY, CRIME RUNS RAMPANT EVERYWHERE! YET THE GALLANT MAN OF METAL IS NOT COMPLETELY HELPLESS, AS YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF WHEN YOU MEET...

ROBOTMAN'S ROBOT!

SURPRISED, ARE THEY, BY MY APPEARANCE? WELL, THEY'D REALLY BE STARTLED IF THEY KNEW IT WAS ONLY MY DUPLICATE!

ONE DAY, AS PAUL DENNIS TOURS A MUSEUM DISPLAY OF ANCIENT VALUABLE RELICS...

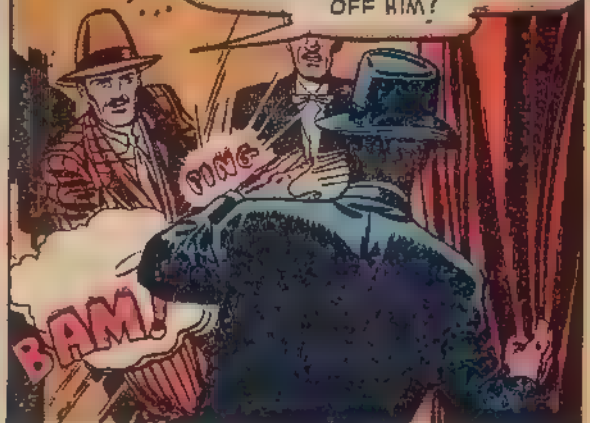
JUST PASS OVER THEM DIAMOND-STUDDED DAGGERS, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

WHAT...? A HOLDUP!



ABRUPTLY...

I'LL HANDLE THIS GUY! SERVES HIM RIGHT FOR---HUN? TH--THE BULLET BOUNCED OFF HIM!



THAT GUY I SHOT AT... DID YOU SEE THE BULLET BOUNCE OFF HIM? HE MUST BE **ROBOTMAN!**

STOP TALKIN' AND RUN! IF HE'S REALLY **ROBOTMAN**, WE'LL NEED ALL THE SPEED WE CAN MAKE!

WHILE BEHIND THE FLEEING CROOKS...

THIS ISN'T GOOD! I STOPPED THEM FROM TAKING THOSE PRICELESS DAGGERS-- BUT THAT THUG SAW THE BULLET BOUNCE OFF ME! HOPE HE DOESN'T REMEMBER MY FACE, OR IT'LL BE THE END OF MY SECRET IDENTITY AS **ROBOTMAN!**

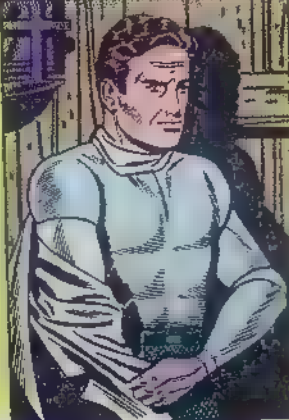
IS THE WORLD'S MOST CLOSELY-GUARDED SECRET ABOUT TO BE REVEALED? LATER, AT A SMALL WHARF OUTS DE THE CITY...

I'D LIKE TO CHARTER A BOAT OUT TO **COVE ISLAND**, WHERE THE ARMY BASE IS LOCATED! MY FRIEND JIM FOSTER WORKS OUT THERE, AND--

SORRY, MISTER! SEE THEM STORM CLOUDS UP ABOVE? NO BOAT WILL BE SAFE ON THEM WATERS IN 30 MINUTES!



SLIPPING BEHIND AN ABANDONED FISHERMAN'S SHACK, PAUL HASTILY REMOVES HIS **PLASTIC HUMAN DISGUISE...**



...TO BECOME **ROBOTMAN**, THE **METAL MARVEL** WITH THE **HUMAN BRAIN!**

MOMENTS AFTERWARD, ALONG THE BOTTOM OF THE BAY...

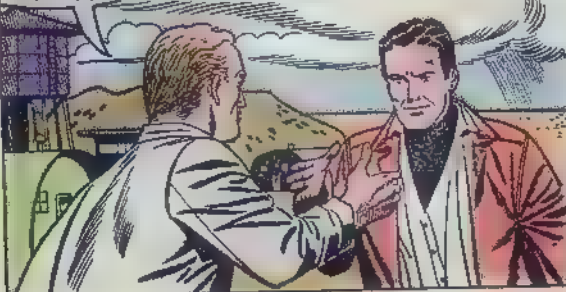
SINCE I HAVE NO LLNGS, THIS IS THE EAS. EST WAY TO GET TO THE ISLAND AND STILL AVOID THE STORM!



REACHING HIS DESTINATION, **ROBOTMAN** RESUMES HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY AND SEEKS OUT HIS FRIEND JIM FOSTER...

PAUL! GOOD TO SEE YOU... BUT DIDN'T YOU GET MY TELEGRAM? THE ARMY CLAMPED A **SECURITY QUARANTINE** ON THIS ISLAND! NOBODY CAN LEAVE HERE... NOT EVEN VISITORS LIKE YOU!

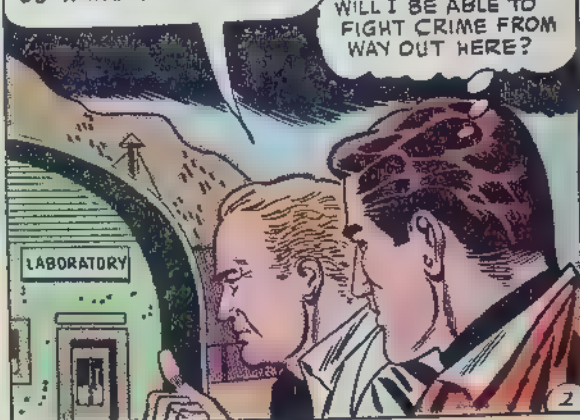
OH, OH... THAT'S BAD!



NOT TOO BAD, PAUL! YOU CAN USE THIS LABORATORY FOR ANY WORK YOU HAVE TO DO WHILE YOU'RE HERE!

THANKS, JIM...

BUT WHAT ABOUT **ROBOTMAN**? HOW WILL I BE ABLE TO FIGHT CRIME FROM WAY OUT HERE?



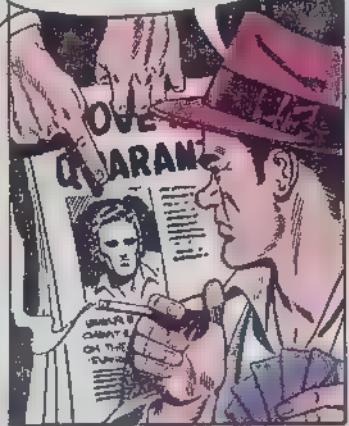
NEXT MORNING, AS NEWS OF PAUL'S CONFINEMENT REACHES THE CITY.

HEY-- LISTEN TO THIS, BOYS! COVE ISLAND'S UNDER MILITARY QUARANTINE-- AND ONE OF THE PEOPLE STUCK THERE IS PAUL DENNIS!

SO WHAT, EDDIE?



LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF DENNIS, YOU SAP! HE'S THE GUY MY BULLET BOUNCED OFF YESTERDAY... THE GUY I'M SURE'S **ROBOTMAN**! SO IF HE'S ON COVE ISLAND, HE CAN'T HURT US NOW!



YOU'RE **NUTS**! G WAN! YOU'RE CRAZY!

YOU KNOW WHO **ROBOTMAN** IS-- IN A CAT'S WHISKERS!

OKAY, WISE GUYS-- I'LL PROVE WHAT I SAY! I'M GOIN' OUT TO ROB A BANK-- AND **ROBOTMAN** ISN'T GONNA STOP ME!



AND THAT NIGHT, JUST AS EASY EDDIE MORGAN PREDICTED...

YOU SEE? TAKE A GANDER AT THAT! I SNATCHED IT FROM THE BIGGEST BANK IN TOWN-- **DARING ROBOTMAN** TO STOP ME-- BUT HE NEVER SHOWED UP! I TELL YOU, HE'S ON COVE ISLAND, AND HE CAN'T GET OFF!



THUS, THE FOLLOWING EVENING, ALL THE UNDERWORLD BURSTS OUT OF HIDING, TO LOOT AND PILFER AN ENTIRE CITY!

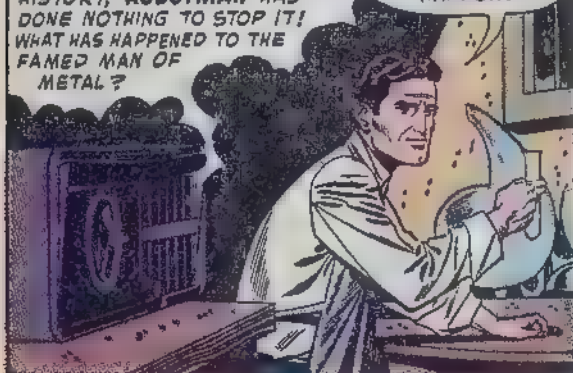


AND SHORTLY, ON COVE ISLAND...

..WITH THE CITY UNDERGOING ITS BIGGEST CRIME WAVE IN HISTORY, **ROBOTMAN** HAS DONE NOTHING TO STOP IT! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE FAMED MAN OF METAL?

GULP!

I WAS AFRAID THIS WOULD HAPPEN!



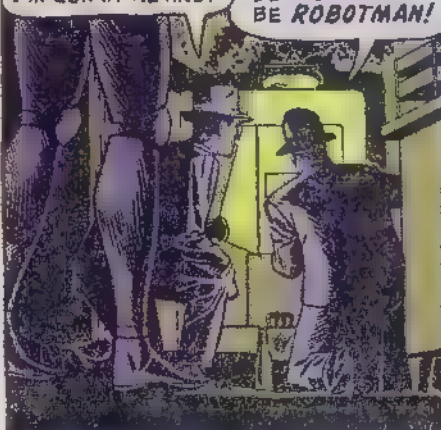
THOSE CROOKS MUST KNOW I'M **ROBOTMAN**... AND THAT I'VE BEEN QUARANTINED HERE! H-HOW WILL I EVER BE ABLE TO STOP THEM NOW, WITHOUT REVEALING MY SECRET IDENTITY?



HOW INDEED WILL **ROBOTMAN** STOP THEM? ONE WEEK LATER, AS THE MASSIVE CRIME WAVE CONTINUES ..

JUST A FEW MORE DAYS OF THIS, AND I'M GONNA RETIRE!

"EASY EDDIE" WAS RIGHT! PAUL DENNIS **MUST** BE **ROBOTMAN**!



SUDDENLY...

OUCH! HEY, JOE---LEGGO! YOU'RE HURTIN' ME!

WHATTA YOU DOIN' TO ME? KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF!



YEEE I-I-I-I! IT'S--HIM!!

ROBOTMAN! I---I THOUGHT HE COULDN'T LEAVE **COVE ISLAND**!



AND ALL THAT NIGHT, METALLIC FOOTSTEPS CLANG THROUGH THE STREETS AS ONCE AGAIN, THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF **ROBOTMAN** STALKS THE CITY, HIS ARMS FULL OF CRIMINALS!

WAIT'LL I SEE 'EASY EDDIE' MORGAN!

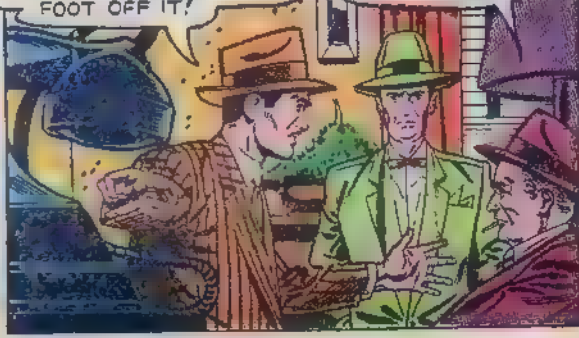
HIM AND HIS STORY ABOUT **ROBOTMAN** BEIN' ON **COVE ISLAND**!



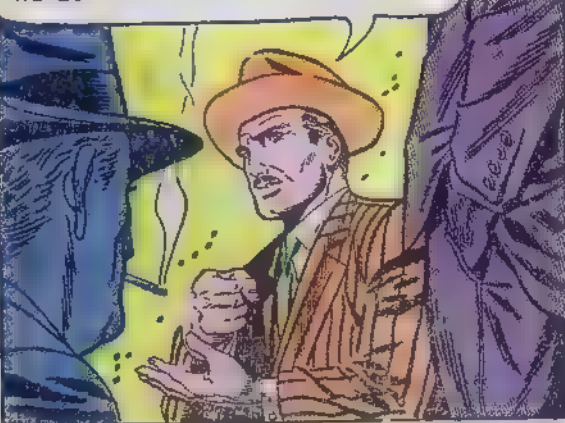
TOWARD MORNING, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...

BUT IT'S TRUE! I JUST TALKED TO PAUL DENNIS BY TELEPHONE! HE'S BEEN ON **COVE ISLAND** A WEEK--AND HASN'T SET FOOT OFF IT!

IF THAT'S SO--EITHER PAUL DENNIS ISN'T **ROBOTMAN**--OR ELSE THERE'S TWO **ROBOTMEN**!



YEAH, YEAH... AND THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO TELL IF IT'S **ROBOTMAN**--OR JUST A ROBOT THAT LOOKS LIKE HIM! IF IT ISN'T **ROBOTMAN**, WE GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!



MEANWHILE, ON A DESERTED PORTION OF **COVE ISLAND**...

SO FAR, THIS ROBOT I BUILT IN THE LAB IS WORKING FINE! I CAN GUIDE IT WITH THE **RADIO CONTROLS** I BUILT INTO IT, AND I CAN SEE WHERE IT'S GOING BY MEANS OF A **MINIATURE TELEVISION SET** IN ITS "EYES"!

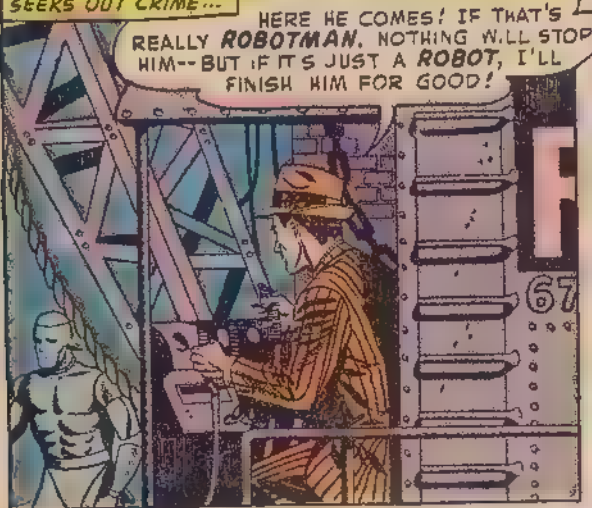




DETECTIVE COMICS

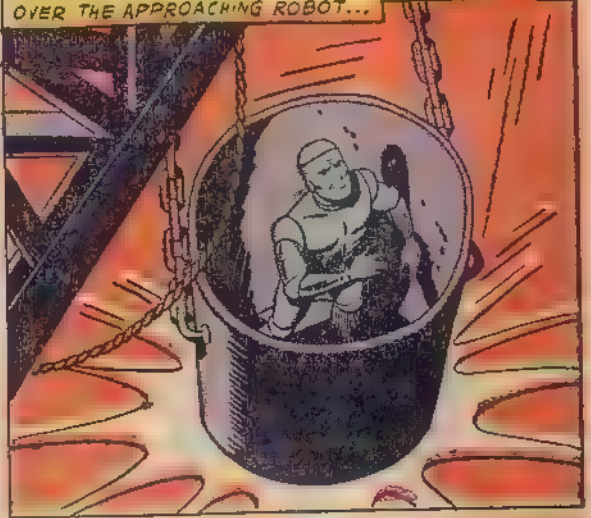


BUT THAT NIGHT, AS ROBOTMAN'S ROBOT AGAIN SEEKS OUT CRIME...

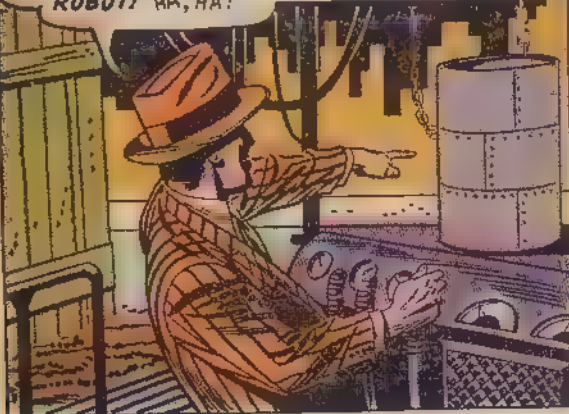


HERE HE COMES! IF THAT'S REALLY **ROBOTMAN**, NOTHING WILL STOP HIM--BUT IF IT'S JUST A **ROBOT**, I'LL FINISH HIM FOR GOOD!

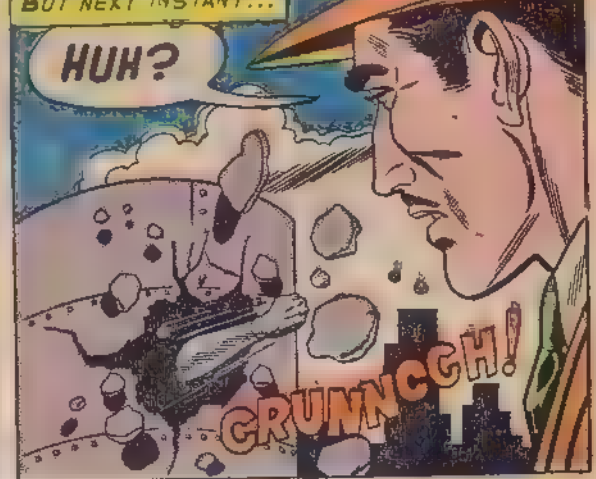
ABRUPTLY, A GREAT LEAD CYLINDER DROPS DOWN OVER THE APPROACHING ROBOT...



I STOPPED HIM! LOOK! THE LEAD KEEPS OUT THE RADIO WAVES THAT CONTROL H M! IT ISN'T **ROBOTMAN**... IT'S JUST **ROBOTMAN'S ROBOT**! HA, HA!



BUT NEXT INSTANT...



HE'S TEARIN' THAT LEAD LIKE IT WAS SILK! THAT AIN'T NO ROBOT... THAT'S **ROBOTMAN HIMSELF**!



D-DON'T HURT ME, **ROBOTMAN**--P-PLEASE! I'LL TAKE YOU WHERE THE BOYS ARE PULLIN' THEIR JOBS! J-JUST DON'T HURT ME!



AND SO, BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER...

FLASH! THE CITY'S CRIME WAVE IS OVER! THE JAILS ARE ALL FILLED WITH CROOKS ROUNDED UP BY **ROBOTMAN**, WHO KEPT TURNING UP OUT OF NOWHERE TO NAB THE CRIMINALS AT THE SCENES OF THEIR CRIMES!



WHILE IN THE LABORATORY ON COVE ISLAND...

"EASY EDDIE" DIDN'T REALIZE THAT I'D ALSO GIVEN YOU A GASOLINE MOTOR WHICH WENT INTO OPERATION AS SOON AS MY RADIO CONTROLS FAILED! ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS PUNCH A HOLE IN THAT LEAD SHIELD SO THE RADIO WAVES COULD REACH YOUR CONTROLS--- AND THEN I TOOK OVER AGAIN!



DAYS LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AFTER THE QUARANTINE HAS BEEN LIFTED.

I UNDERSTAND YOU THOUGHT I WAS **ROBOTMAN**, EDDIE, BECAUSE A BULLET BOUNCED OFF ME!



THAT BULLET ACTUALLY HIT MY WRISTWATCH A GLANCING BLOW! THAT'S WHAT MADE IT "BOUNCE OFF." YOU DON'T STILL THINK I'M **ROBOTMAN**, DO YOU?

NAW! I KNOW BETTER NOW---AFTER IT'S TOO LATE!



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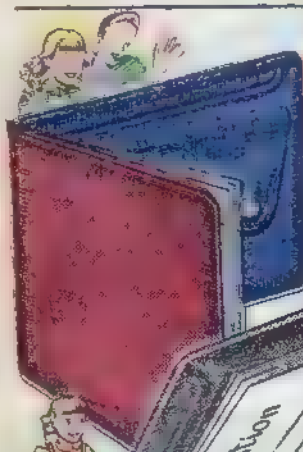
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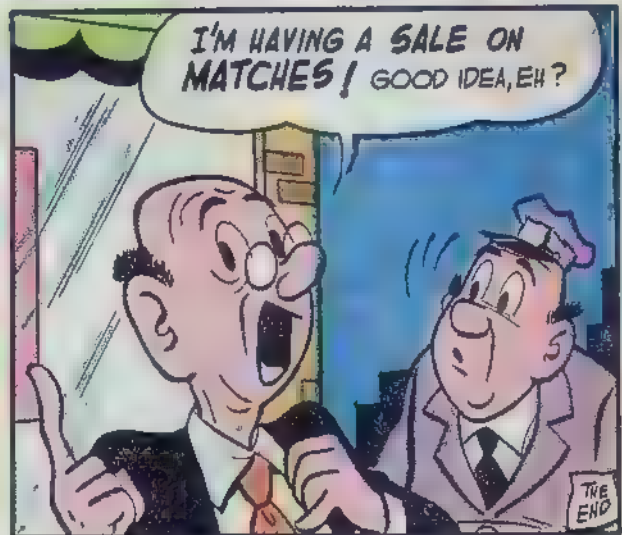
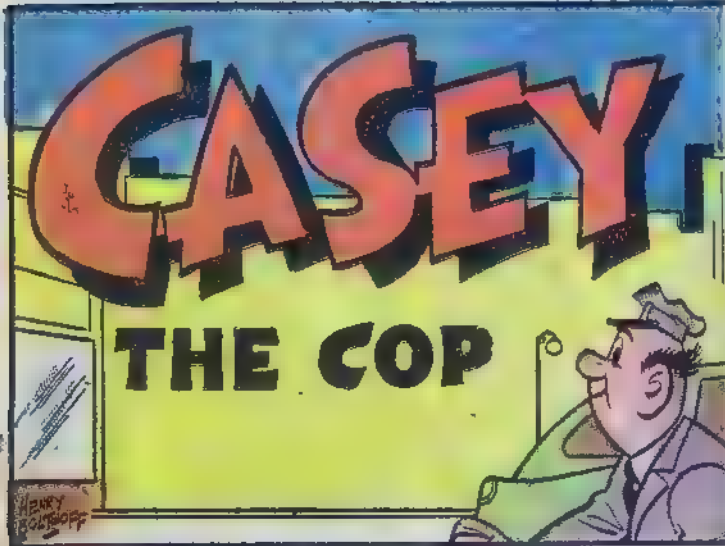
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Address _____

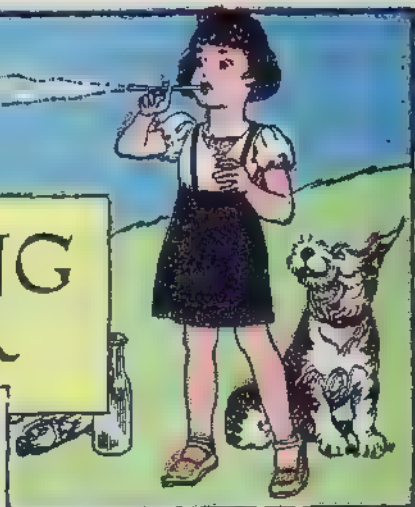
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WHISTLING MURDER



In Experiments, Ultrasonic Waves Have Proved to Be Truly a Death Weapon

THERE'S a brand new way of committing murder—one that can't possibly be detected. The new death weapon is a small whistle consisting of a hollow tube with air blowing across its mouth. This whistle makes no sound—no sound, that is, which can be heard by the human ear because it's ultrasonic.

But criminals had better not count on this new weapon. They'd have to first prevail on our top scientists to join hands with them—and, as you know, scientists rarely, if ever, go in for a life of crime.

To understand how this whistling death works, you must first understand something of your own hearing, and sounds in general.

People can't hear half as well as animals. Your dog listens to sounds every day that you don't even suspect exist. Escaping steam, the shriller cries of birds, many industrial noises, will make your dog wake up with a start—but YOU won't be affected at all.

The reason for this is, the normal human range of hearing extends from about 100 cycles to 10,000 cycles. When we listen to a cricket, for example, we only hear part of its song—that part which is broadcast at 6,000 cycles a second. But most of the cricket's chirp is inaudible to us because it comes in three higher frequencies—16,000, 24,000, and 32,000 cycles a second.

Now, frequencies of 32,000 cycles a second, while they may cause your dog to raise his ears, won't do a thing to you—you simply won't hear them. But when frequencies ap-

proaching 50,000 and 100,000 cycles are developed, and concentrated in a single beam, watch out! Don't get in the way of that beam!

In laboratory experiments, ultrasonic waves have proved to be truly a death weapon. Scientists have succeeded in tearing animal tissues apart, and have raised the body temperature to as high as 140 degrees.

John W. Butterworth, director of hyper-sonics for the Brush Development Company, has revealed that with vibrations of 1,000,000 times a second, diamonds and hard steel have been shattered.

So, there is no question that sound waves of high pitch inaudible to the human ear will kill any living thing that comes into the path of a concentrated beam.

No one paid much attention to the strange claim, a few years ago, of an English engineer, J. M. Symes, who announced that he had developed an ultrasonic machine that could be used as a deadly weapon. At that time, he said.

"My invention is the result of five years of experimenting with sound waves. When I tell you that science has long been aware that men and animals can be struck dead by a sound too highly pitched for the human ear to hear, you will have an idea of what I am aiming at.

"Such sound waves would set up vibrations that would shatter the ear drums and the blood corpuscles, yet nobody would hear them. Death would come to them so suddenly they would know nothing at all about it.

"I can set up waves that, though they cannot be heard, cause acute discomfort to anyone within 50 yards. I am now at work on a high frequency apparatus which I believe will be absolutely lethal in its effect, able to annihilate whole armies."

It was no doubt the above announcement that started off the rumors during World War II that such a weapon, capable of killing whole armies, had been invented. While we know now that no such weapon was used, scientists are agreed that it is entirely feasible.

Is it difficult to produce these fatal sounds? No less an authority than the General Electric Company, which has been experimenting with supersonic waves, says no. The company recently released the following statement regarding certain tests it conducted:

"High pitched sound from a little whistle focused to a point by an ordinary headlight reflector can perform such stunts as making cotton burn and bits of cork float in midair. Sound from a one-inch long whistle which is blown by compressed air is focused to a point by a concave mirror. When bits of cork are placed directly above the focal point, they remain, suspended ladder-fashion, one-half wave length apart.

"When cotton is placed at the focal point, its particles are agitated by the unheard sound until the cotton smoulders. The whistle is a hollow tube with air blowing across its mouth. The pitch can be adjusted by moving a tiny piston which fits inside the tube.

"G.E. engineers usually set the whistle to make sound waves with a frequency of about 25,000 cycles a second."

Other official bodies than the police have manifested a marked interest in the new weapon. Both the Army and the Navy are at present conducting investigations with animals to determine the effect of high frequency sound waves generated by the jet engines of airplanes.

An Air Force Medical Laboratory scientist who had been studying the effect of the supersonic jet sounds on flyers, came up with some interesting discoveries. It was noted, for example, that rats and guinea pigs died almost instantly by relatively low power ultrasonic

beams which had little or no effect whatever on men

He concluded from this that the animals die because they are covered with hair and the energy of the beam is turned into heat so intense that their body proteins coagulate. In tests made by the Signal Corps, they found that white mice died following one minute's exposure. The sound waves also proved fatal to caterpillars, worms and roaches.

Signal Corps investigators also found that it was difficult to put objects in the sound field without burning fingers and hands. Although the investigators did not expose themselves to the direct beam, and took the precaution of wearing ear plugs, nevertheless, they suffered from dizziness and temporary loss of equilibrium.

Navy scientists were slightly more conservative following experiments to test the effect of low performance turbojets on workers in jet engine factories. Their statement was:

"Final conclusions are not yet reached on the effect of very high frequency jet engine noises on the human body, but they may be harmful."

But in a turbojet factory in Hertfordshire, England, the British Medical Research Council, investigating the sickness of a worker in the plant, used outspoken language in diagnosing the ailment as "supersonic illness attributed to the effect on the human body of sound waves too high for human hearing."

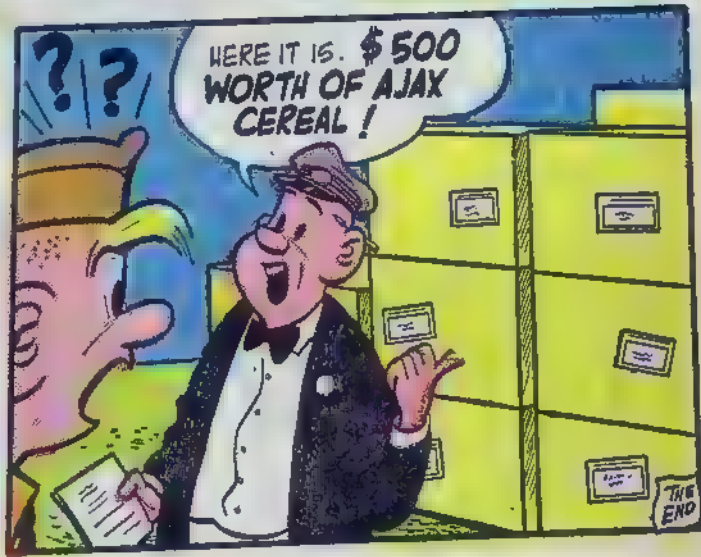
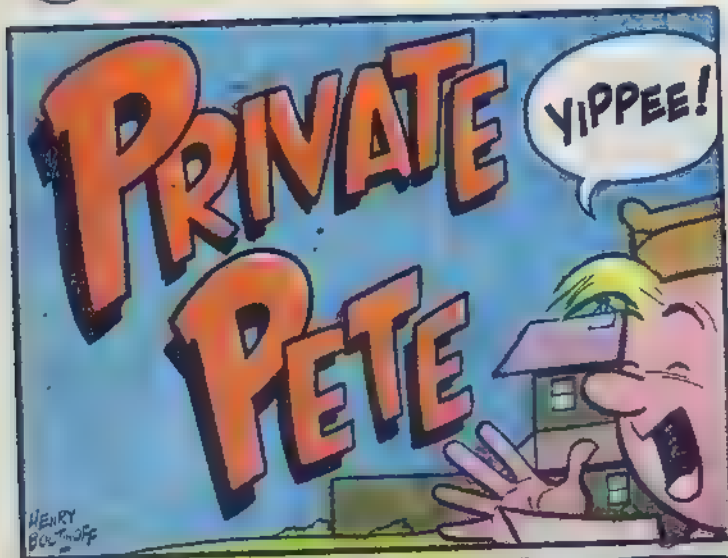
You can trust the authorities to prevent this new lethal weapon from falling into the hands of wrongdoers. And, like many other dangerous devices, this one can be very gamfully used to benefit mankind.

General Electric engineers have developed a machine which shoots 100 million beats per second through metal objects to show flaws in their interior. Another scientist has used ultrasonic waves successfully on tumors. And last but not least, the Department of Agriculture has beamed high pitched sounds on mosquito larvae, tearing them apart in five seconds. Imagine not having to slap at mosquitos anymore!

—by Joseph Macklin



DETECTIVE COMICS



POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN
LAW-
MAN

SUPPOSE YOU WERE CHOOSING TOOLS AND WEAPONS FOR A DANGEROUS WILDERNESS ADVENTURE... WOULD YOU PUT YOUR FAITH IN A FAST PLANE AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS--OR IN THE ANCIENT SKILLS THAT HELPED PRIMITIVE INDIANS SURVIVE? EITHER WAY, YOU WOULDN'T BE 100 PERCENT RIGHT--AS POW-WOW SMITH PROVES DRAMATICALLY IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST, DURING AN AMAZING...

**MISSION
WITH THE
MOUNTIES!**

ONE DAY, NEAR AN ISOLATED ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE POST IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES...

NO CHANCE OF HIM SNEAKING UP ON US WITHOUT BEING SEEN OR--HUH? WHAT'S THAT--?

EASY, JIM... IT'S ONLY A PARTRIDGE... YOU'RE GETTING JUMPY!

SUDDENLY...

THUNDER! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

FROM THE ONLY SAFE PLACE-- WHERE YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO BE LOOKING! IT'S AN OLD SIOUX CUSTOM!

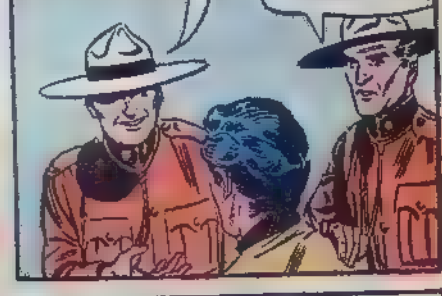
BUT WAIT!... WHAT IS POW-WOW SMITH, FAMED INDIAN DEPUTY, DOING HERE--2000 MILES FROM HIS HOME IN RED DEER VALLEY?...

YOU SEE, BRANNON? DIDN'T I TELL YOU MY FRIEND, **POW-WOW** WAS A WIZARD? THAT OUGHT TO SHARPEN THE WITS OF THOSE TWO ROOKIES!

POSSIBLY, MACLEAN... BUT STALKING, TRAILING AND OTHER PRIMITIVE TRICKS AREN'T VERY IMPORTANT THESE DAYS!

LUCKY YOU ACCEPTED MY INVITATION TO SPEND YOUR VACATION HERE, **POW-WOW**, TEACHING THE LADS SOME TRICKS BEFORE INSPECTOR BRANNON TOOK CHARGE! HE RESPECTS ONLY MODERN SCIENTIFIC GADGETS!

AND RIGHTLY SO! EVEN IN THE WILDS, RADIO, AIRPLANES AND MODERN INVENTIONS MAKE OLD-FASHIONED METHODS USELESS!



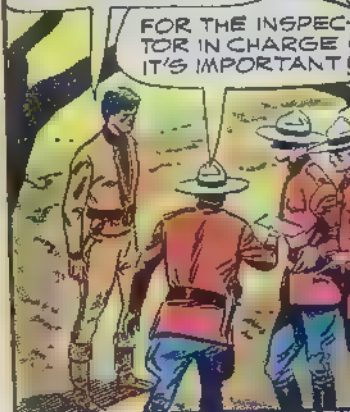
SCIENCE HAS HELPED CRIME-FIGHTERS, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE -- BUT THE OLD SKILLS ARE WORTH REMEMBERING, TOO!

NOW, HERE'S A RADIO MESSAGE, FOR INSTANCE THAT MIGHT HAVE TAKEN DAYS OR WEEKS TO REACH THIS POST IN THE OLD DAYS!

LET'S YOU AND I GO FIND THOSE ROBBERS, MAC, AND INVITE **POW-WOW** ALONG! MAYBE I CAN CONVERT HIM TO MY POINT OF VIEW!

OR MAYBE HE'LL CONVERT YOU! WHAT DO YOU SAY, **POW-WOW**?

HOWEVER IT WORKS OUT, I THINK I'M GOING TO ENJOY IT!



FOR THE INSPECTOR IN CHARGE! IT'S IMPORTANT!

RCMP
RADIOGRAM
INSPECTOR IN CHARGE
PEACE RIVER DISTRICT
THREE ROBBERS KILLED
MANAGER GREAT BEAR
LAKE TRADING POST AND
FLED SOUTHEAST INTO
BUSH. YOUR MOVE.
SUPT. TAVISH



THIS, WITHIN MINUTES, A STURDY PLANE FLIES NORTH, WITH INSPECTOR BRANNON AT THE CONTROLS...

IT WOULD TAKE WEEKS TO REACH **GREAT BEAR LAKE** AFOOT, AND DAYS TO GET THERE BY HORSE OR CANOE -- BUT IT'LL TAKE **US** ONLY TWO HOURS!

NATURALLY, I'VE ALWAYS MAINTAINED A PLANE IS A BIG HELP -- WHEN YOU'VE GOT ONE!

TWO HOURS LATER...

THERE'S THE TRADING POST -- AND MEN POINTING OUT THE DIRECTION THE KILLERS TOOK!

WE'LL GO AFTER THEM, AND NOT BOTHER TO LAND. A MIST IS GATHERING, BUT MAYBE WE CAN SPOT THEM BEFORE IT CLOSES IN!





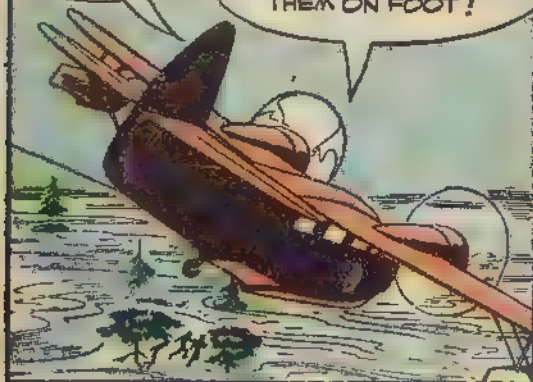
DETECTIVE COMICS



SOON, THROUGH A RIFT IN THE HAZE, THE THREE LAWYERS SEE ...

THERE THEY ARE--RUNNING FOR COVER!

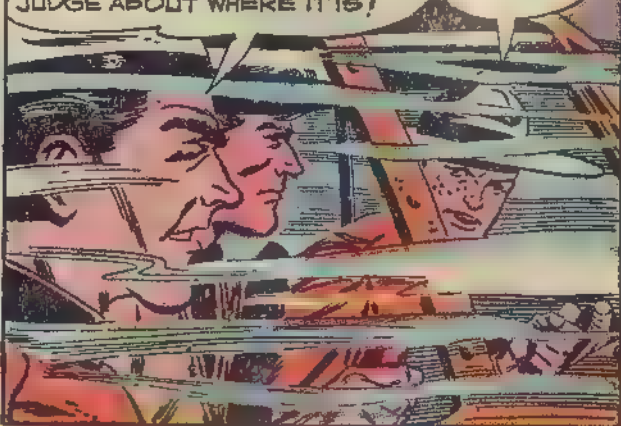
THERE'S A LAKE A COUPLE OF MILES SOUTH WHERE WE CAN PUT THE PLANE DOWN, AND GO AFTER THEM ON FOOT!



AND OVER THE LAKE, WHERE THE THICKENING MIST CLINGS TO THE SURFACE ...

HARD TO SEE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, BUT I THINK I CAN JUDGE ABOUT WHERE IT IS!

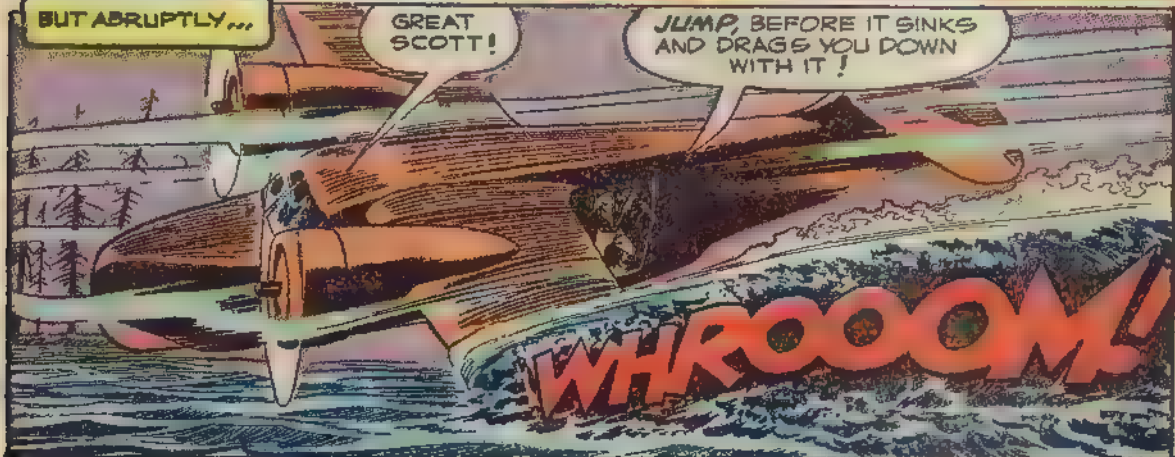
HERE'S HOPING!



BUT ABRUPTLY ...

GREAT SCOTT!

JUMP, BEFORE IT SINKS AND DRAGS YOU DOWN WITH IT!



MOST OF OUR GEAR IS GONE, INCLUDING MY PISTOL-- BUT WITH THIS WALKIE-TALKIE SET, I CAN HAVE ANOTHER PLANE SENT OUT FOR US!

CAN YOU LEND ME A HAND, POW-WOW? SEEMS I HURT MY LEG SOMEHOW!

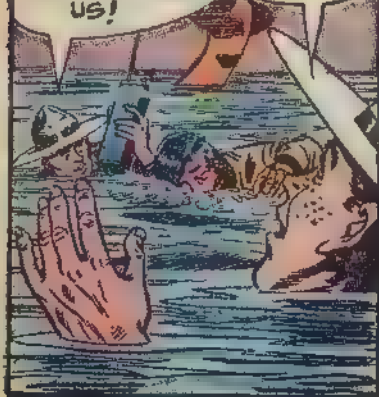
THAT WAS MY FAULT--NOT THE FAULT OF SCIENTIFIC GADGETS! I'LL STILL PROVE MY POINT, SOON AS I PUT A CALL THROUGH TO THE POST!

GOOD THING I LEARNED INDIAN FIRST-AID METHODS, SINCE YOUR MODERN MEDICAL KIT WENT DOWN WITH THE PLANE! MAC'S ANKLE IS BROKEN!

AWWWWWKKKK! RRRROEEEE!

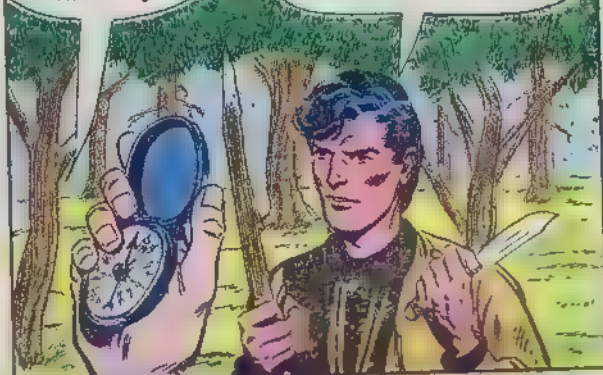
HUH! NOTHING BUT STATIC! HOW CAN I GET A MESSAGE OUT, OR HEAR A REPLY?

I DOUBT IF YOU CAN! ONE DEPOSIT IN THIS COUNTRY CAUSE MAGNETIC FIELDS THAT DISTORT RADIO WAVES! IF YOU HAVE A COMPASS, YOU'LL FIND IT'S OUT OF KILTER, TOO!



YOU'RE RIGHT! THE NEEDLE'S GONE WILD WITH THE SUN HIDDEN, HOW CAN WE TELL WHICH DIRECTION IS WHICH?

IN THESE LATITUDES, WHERE THE SUN IS ALWAYS SOUTH, PINE TREES ARE A DARKER GREEN ON THE SHADY, OR NORTH SIDE -- WHICH IS THAT WAY!



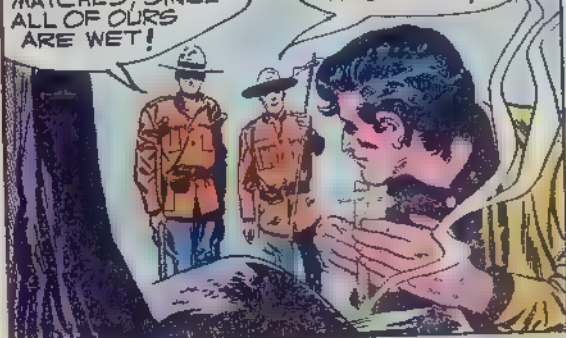
WHAT'LL WE DO? EVEN IF A SEARCHING PLANE IS SENT OUT, THE PILOT WON'T KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING FOR US ALONG THIS ROUTE!

WE'LL GO AFTER THE KILLERS AS WE PLANNED -- BUT FIRST WE'LL EAT HERE -- TRY TO SPEAR A FISH WITH THIS, WHILE I START A FIRE, INDIAN STYLE!



SHORTLY... THESE CRUTCHES YOU MADE ARE FINE, POW-WOW-- AND I'M SURE BRANNON WILL ADMIT THERE'S SOME POINT IN KNOWING HOW TO START A FIRE WITHOUT MATCHES, SINCE ALL OF OURS ARE WET!

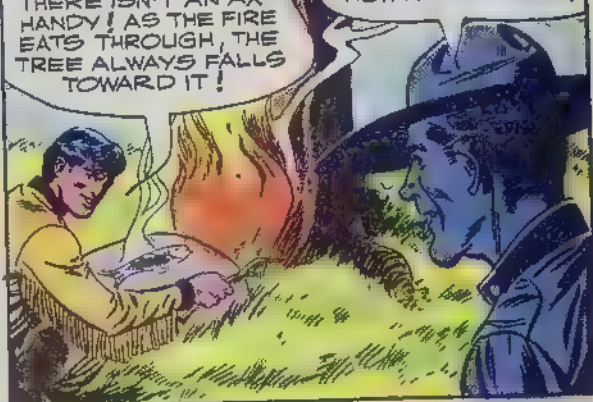
I'LL ADMIT IT--IF YOU'LL ADMIT THIS IS THE SORT OF UNUSUAL OCCASION THAT PROBABLY WON'T EVER HAPPEN TO US AGAIN! HOW'S THIS FISH?



AND, AS THE FISH BROILS ON A FLAT ROCK...

INCIDENTALLY, THIS IS HOW THE INDIANS BURN DOWN TREES WHEN THERE ISN'T AN AX HANDY! AS THE FIRE EATS THROUGH, THE TREE ALWAYS FALLS TOWARD IT!

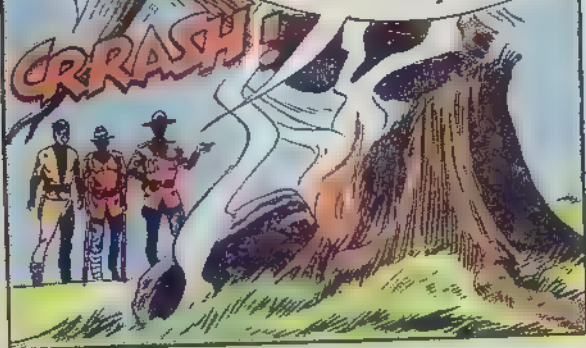
I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT MATTERS!



AFTER THE PRIMITIVE MEAL, THERE IS A SLIGHT DELAY--UNTIL...

THERE! JUST AS I SAID, IT FELL TOWARD THE FIRE!

A VERY DRAMATIC EXHIBITION--BUT POLICEMEN DON'T CATCH CRIMINALS BY STANDING AROUND WAITING FOR TREES TO FALL!



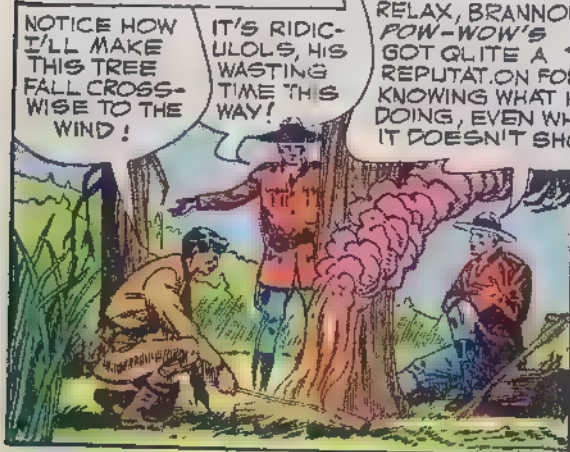
PRESENTLY, WHERE THE GOING IS HARD AND SLOW, ACROSS A MUSKEG BOG...

I'M JUST BLOWING YOU UP! WHY DON'T YOU GO ON WITHOUT ME?

DON'T TALK NONSENSE, MAC! YOU KNOW THIS IS NO SORT OF COUNTRY FOR AN INJURED MAN TO BE ALONE IN! WE'LL TAKE A REST WHEN WE REACH THOSE PINES!



UPON HALTING, POW-WOW ONCE AGAIN GIVES A SEEMINGLY SENSELESS DEMONSTRATION...



NOTICE HOW I'LL MAKE THIS TREE FALL CROSS-WISE TO THE WIND!

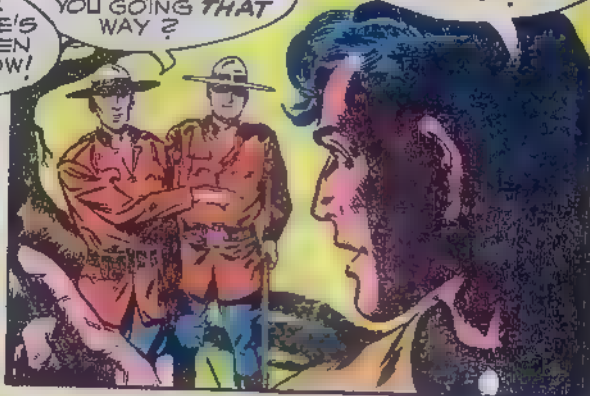
IT'S RIDICULOUS, HIS WASTING TIME THIS WAY!

RELAX, BRANNON! POW-WOW'S GOT QUITE A REPUTATION FOR KNOWING WHAT HE'S DOING, EVEN WHEN IT DOESN'T SHOW!

A LITTLE LATER...

WAIT A MINUTE! AS YOU SAY, THE KILLERS SHOULD BE OVER THIS WAY, WHY ARE YOU GOING THAT WAY?

SO WE'LL GET TO THEM QUICKER, SEEING IT'S ALMOST NIGHT! COME ALONG, AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!



AND, AS DARKNESS FALLS...

SMELL THAT SMOKE? THEY'RE CAMPING FOR THE NIGHT! YOU CAN'T SEE A D STANT CAMP-FIRE THROUGH THE BUSH IN THE DARK-- BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS GET TO IT BY FOLLOWING YOUR NOSE!

WE'LL PAY THEM AN UNEXPECTED VISIT, EH? GOOD IDEA... I WAS WRONG IN QUESTIONING YOUR JUDGMENT!



FINALLY, WHEN THE GLEAM OF A FIRE IS VISIBLE AHEAD...

THERE THEY ARE!

AND HERE'S WHERE I TAKE OVER! YOU CAN WATCH, POW-WOW-- BUT THE FORCE DOESN'T LIKE NON-MEMBERS TO RUN ANY MORE RISKS THAN NECESSARY! THAT'S OUR JOB!



YOU'VE GOT THE ONLY PISTOL, MAC! STAY BACK OUT OF THE FIRE LIGHT, AND KEEP ME COVERED WHILE I GO IN AND ARREST THEM!

BRANNON MAY NOT BE TOO SMART ABOUT THE WAYS OF THE WOODS-- BUT HE'S CERTAINLY GOT COURAGE!

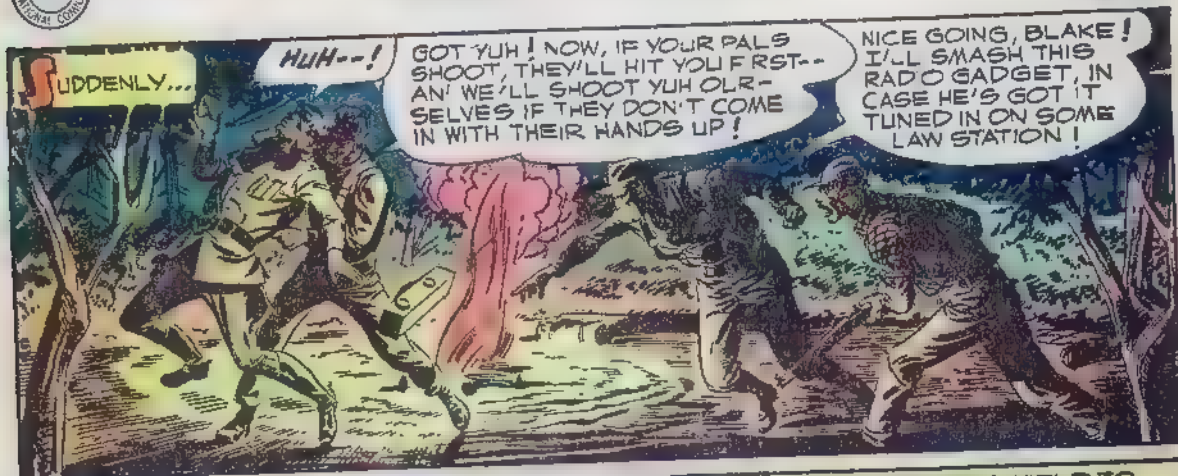


NEXT INSTANT, IN THE KILLERS' CAMP...

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! BETTER COME QUIETLY, BECAUSE TWO OFFICERS BEHIND ME HAVE YOU COVERED!

WHAT--? A BLASTED MOUNTIE!





SUDDENLY...

SHOOT, MAC! NEVER MIND ME! THEY'LL ONLY KILL ALL OF US IF YOU SURRENDER!

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE ON SAVING BRANNON, MAC! I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT MAY PULL US ALL THROUGH!

YOU HAVE? THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, POW-WOW!

AND AS THE OTHER TWO YIELD TO THE OUTLAWS...

SMASHED THE RADIO, DID THEY? GOOD THING WE ALREADY MANAGED TO CALL HEADQUARTERS ABOUT SENDING A PLANE!

YUH MEAN, THEY'LL KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR YUH?



THEY'LL KNOW, ALL RIGHT! YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELVES WHEN THE PLANE CIRCLES OVER YOUR HEAD, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

THEN WE BETTER NOT SHOOT 'EM! IF THE PLANE SPOTS US, WE CAN USE 'EM AS HOSTAGES AN' IF IT DON'T, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME TO BUMP 'EM OFF!

LATER, AS BACON AND BEANS ARE SERVED THE PRISONERS...

SCAT, YUH RAMBLIN' PINCUSHION!

A PORCUPINE! HE SMELLS THE BACON! HE'LL HANG AROUND ALL NIGHT TRYING TO STEAL SOME, WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA!

AFTERWARDS...

I GUESS WE'RE GONERS! WE'RE TIED TIGHT--AND WHEN THE PLANE DOESN'T SHOW UP IN THE MORNING THEY'LL KNOW YOU DECEIVED THEM ABOUT USING THE RADIO!

DON'T WORRY, BRANNON... THE PLANE WILL BE HERE! WAIT AND SEE!

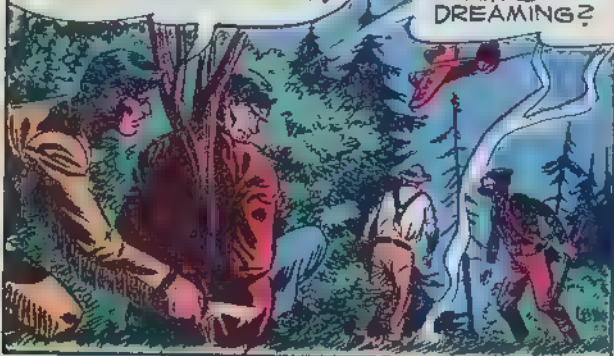


WHAT MAKES THE SIOUX LAWMAN SO SURE THAT EVEN IF A SEARCH PLANE IS SENT OUT, IT WILL FIND ITS WAY TO THIS SPOT?

SURE ENOUGH, WITH THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN, A MOTOR ROARS AND SILVER WINGS FLASH IN THE SKY--AND THAT ISN'T THE ONLY SURPRISE!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE, WHILE THEY'RE WATCHING THE PLANE! I'LL HAVE YOUR HANDS FREE IN A JIFFY!

WHAT ?? ARE YOU **REALLY** UNTIED--OR AM I DREAMING?



THEN... HE'S CIRCLIN'!

HE'LL GO AWAY. PRETTY SOON, AN'--YIIII!

DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME UP SO EARLY, EH?



NOW YOU CAN GO BACK TO SLEEP!

NEXT ONE'S MINE!

THEY'RE LOOSE! GUN 'EM DOWN!

WAK!



THIS ONE WILL STAY DOWN FOR AWHILE!

NOT AS LONG AS YOU WILL WHEN I GIT THROUGH!



I'M NOT STAYING OUT OF **THIS** FIGHT!

NOW, YUH TRICKY INJUN-- HEY!



THANKS, MAC! NOW, IF YOU'LL GET THE FIRE SMOKING TO SIGNAL THE PLANE, WE CAN GET STARTED BACK!

AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WASN'T SUPPOSED TO RUN ANY RISKS!





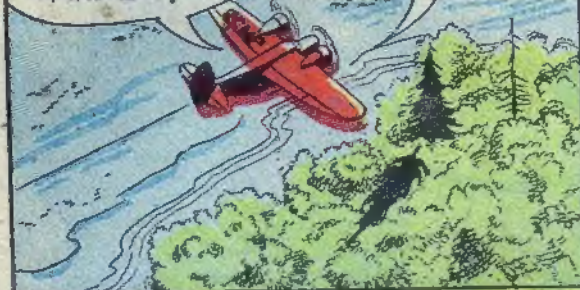
DETECTIVE COMICS



AND SO, AS THE RESCUE PLANE, HEAVILY LADEN WITH PRISONERS, BEGINS THE RETURN TRIP...

ANYONE COULD GUESS A SEARCH WOULD BE STARTED WHEN NO WORD CAME FROM US, **POW-WOW**-- BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THE PLANE WOULD FIND US?

REMEMBER THE TREES I BURNED DOWN? I MADE THEM FALL IN THE DIRECTION WE TOOK TO SERVE AS POINTERS FOR THE PILOT!



AND HOW DID YOU GET UNTIED?

REMEMBER THAT HUNGRY PORCUPINE? I RUBBED SOME BACON ON MY WRISTS WHILE WE WERE EATING--AND DURING THE NIGHT, THE CRITTER CHEWED RIGHT THROUGH THE ROPES!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU **POW-WOW** WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL, BRANNON?



YOU WIN, **POW-WOW**! INDIAN LORE HAS SCIENCE BEAT ALL HOLLOW--AND YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN I AM!

WRONG AGAIN! ONE'S JUST AS GOOD AS THE OTHER, WHEN USED AT THE RIGHT TIME AND PLACE! AND YOU CAN LEARN INDIAN TRICKS JUST AS WELL AS I CAN!



DAYS LATER, BACK AT THE POST...

OUR NEW TRAINING PROGRAM WILL BE HALF SCIENCE AND HALF WOODCRAFT! YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, SCIENTIFIC GADGETS ARE FOOL-PROOF ONLY IN THE HANDS OF A MAN SMART ENOUGH TO DO WITHOUT THEM--LIKE **POW-WOW SMITH**!



THE END

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Please enter my attached drawing in your December drawing contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____ Phone _____
City _____ Zone _____ County _____
State _____ Occupation _____

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**DAISY 1000-SHOT
RED RYDER
COWBOY CARBINE**

LICENSED BY STEPHEN HARRIS, N.Y.

IS ON DISPLAY AT YOUR DEALERS NOW AND IS

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That's right! Red Ryder just rode into your favorite hardware, sporting goods and department store with some new Red Ryder Cowboy Cartridges! See them there! Daisy's famous cowboy carbine looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle gun. Holds nearly 1000 shots. Genuine Carbine Ring on jacket with leather thong attached. Handmade "hand-crafted" molded fore-end. Handmade full oval, pistol-grip molded stock. Red Ryder's name, picture, horse "branded" on stock. For help in getting one for Christmas, ask Dealer for **FREE Daisy Reminder Kit** or send coupon!

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Here Daisy's newest, most beautiful gun. The first barrel-fired to start from scratch. Heavy in its power! Combination pump-and-piston sight. Secret "locked" in bulk. Adjustable carrying-holding sling. Handmade molded full oval stock and fore-end. See at Dealers now!

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Get this 10-shot pump action repeater with "mid-range" action. Take down target. Same of All Air Rifle Gun it is your cheap beauty shot!

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Just this beauty repeated! Holds 10 shot 1000 shot. Top performance in low cost. See at Dealers now!

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NO 25 SHOTGUN with
KODAK THE SCOPE

SHOOTERS!
TRY THIS
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NO 25 SHOTGUN with
KODAK THE SCOPE
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**MORE 25's
for 5¢**

ASK YOUR DEALER OR MAIL COUPON FOR

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REMINDS THEM TO
GET YOU A DAISSY

FOR
CHRISTMAS



See how easy it is to get a Daisy for Christmas! Just send in this coupon to the nearest Daisy Dealer or to the nearest Daisy Dealer. It's so easy to get a Daisy for Christmas! Just send in this coupon to the nearest Daisy Dealer or to the nearest Daisy Dealer.

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CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____

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BUILT LIKE A CHAMP—
SEE THAT DOUBLE-SOLE!

THE CRISS-CROSS LACING
ON THE HI-WALL TOE...
A STYLE WITH ZIP
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